HOLIDAYS AT LYNMERE;

OR,

OUR LORD'S MIRACLES

EXPLAINED AND ILLUSTRATED.

EDITED BY

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Oh righteous doom that they, who make
  Pleasure their only end,
Ordering the whole life for its sake,
  Miss that whereto they tend.
While they who bid stern duty lead,
  Content to follow, they
Of duty only taking heed,
  Find pleasure by the way.

R. C. TRENCH.

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PREFACE.

BEFORE sending out my little book, I wish to say a few words on its origin and purpose.

I had read and studied with great pleasure and profit, "Notes on the Miracles of our Lord," by the Rev. R. C. Trench; and the lessons from the Miracles appeared to me so simple and beautiful, and at the same time so practical in their general application, as to be very suitable for the instruction of children. I have chosen the form of conversation as being best adapted for this purpose; and I have endeavoured to weave these conversations into a little tale, which I hope may prove of sufficient

interest to attract the fancy, and to en
the attention of my young readers; I
also tried to illustrate in the daily li
Edward Stanley and his companions,
practical influence of the lessons whi
was my earnest desire to inculcate.

In conclusion, I have only to repeat
great are the obligations which I ow
the "Notes on the Miracles." I have
only freely borrowed Mr. Trench's i
but have in many places adopted his w

CHAPTER I.

"Why should we fear youth's draught of joy,
If pure, would sparkle less?
Why should the cup the sooner cloy,
Which God hath deigned to bless?"

EDWARD STANLEY had been sitting for some time in his mother's drawing-room, listlessly turning over the leaves of his Bible, and yawning wearily as he did so, when Mrs. Stanley entered the room.

"What is my dear boy about?" she said kindly to him.

"O mamma," replied Edward, "I am so tired of this. One of our tasks for the holidays is to make out a list of the miracles mentioned in the Gospels, and then we are to read them with Mr. Price; but I have been trying and trying, and I have got so puzzled. The same miracle is sometimes mentioned three or four times over, and I cannot make a list." And Edward, as he spoke, seemed very much inclined to cry.

"Come, my son," said Mrs. Stanley, "I

think you will not find this task so difficult as you imagine. You are tired just now, and I do not like that you should look upon any Bible exercise as a dull task. Come and take a walk in the wood now, and these miracles will be very pleasant reading for us in the mornings during the holidays. I am glad your master has chosen this subject for you, and I hope that before you go back to school your feeling towards your Bible lessons will be very different from what it is now. But now put your Bible carefully away, and get your hat, and let us go out for our walk."

Edward obeyed gladly; and as he walked with his kind mother, he felt how much he loved her, and how glad he was she had come home from India. Mrs. Stanley had seen very little of her boy since he was a baby; he had been sent to England when very young, and had lived with his uncle, Captain Howard, till he was old enough to go to school; and he was now, for the first time, spending his holidays with his mother.

Next morning, immediately after breakfast, Mrs. Stanley called Edward, and told him to bring his Bible. She spoke in so kind and cheerful a voice, and when he came into her room, where she sat by the open window, the carnations and roses, which grew outside, filled the room with so deli-

cious a perfume, that the boy felt how happy he was to be at home with his own dear mother.

When he had stood for a few moments looking silently into the garden, Mrs. Stanley said, "It is a very beautiful world, dear Edward, is it not? and He is a good and kind Father who has provided so much pure and innocent enjoyment for His children."

Edward looked up hastily; he was not used to be spoken to in this way, and he did not at first understand her; but, as she went on, her meaning became clear to him. "And yet, good and beautiful as these gifts are, they are not His best gifts. The world of nature is very fair, and we may live many years to enjoy its blessings; but sooner or later death will come, and then what will its beauty and its grandeur avail us?"

Edward.—"But, mamma, why should we think of death before it comes?"

Mrs. Stanley.—"To prepare for it, that when it does come it may be the messenger to call us to a purer and a fairer world than this. And now you know what I meant, when I said that the enjoyment of this world is not the best gift that God has given us. He has given us the promise of a better and a more enduring world; He has given us His own dear Son to die, that we may enter into that better world; and," she added, laying

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her hand on Edward's Bible, "He has
us this blessed book to teach us these t
that we may learn so to believe, and
live, that that precious inheritance m
ours when we die. Now tell me, Edward,
you think we ought to look upon the W
of God as a wearisome task-book?"

Edward.—Indeed, dear mamma, I
that I was wrong, but I did not think of
this before."

Mrs. S.—"It is too common a mistak
and the Holy Spirit alone can teach us
prize the Sacred Volume as we ough
let us, then, before we open it, pray for
guidance and assistance in reading and u
derstanding it.

Mrs. Stanley slowly repeated a Coll
which Edward knew well, and had oft
said to his master in his class, but in whi
he now joined with his heart for the fi
time: "Blessed Lord, who hast caused
Holy Scriptures to be written for our lea
ing, grant that we may in such wise he
them, read, mark, learn, and inwardly dig
them, that by patience, and comfort of t
Holy Word, we may embrace and ever h
fast the blessed hope of everlasting li
which thou hast given us in our Savio
Jesus Christ. Amen."

Mrs. S.—"Now, Edward, let us turn
the miracles. You can tell me, I d

say, which was the first performed by our Saviour."

Edward.—"O yes, mamma. It was the turning water into wine, at Cana of Galilee. It is in the second chapter of St. John; and the second was the nobleman's son, in the fourth chapter."

Mrs. S.—"Stop, Edward, not so fast; we shall take the first to-day, so you may put it at the head of your list; and I think, if we read it carefully through, we shall find enough to occupy our thoughts for one day."

Edward read the account of the miracle through, and Mrs. Stanley then called his attention to the following points:—the rebuke received by the mother of the Lord, the way in which the miracle was wrought, and the remark it drew from the ruler of the feast.

Edward asked why the Saviour had rebuked His mother. Mrs. Stanley told him, that though a rebuke was certainly intended, we must not take the words exactly as they would be taken if addressed to one of ourselves. "Woman," she said, "was a mode of address among the Jews which had nothing of harshness or disrespect in it;" and she reminded him that, when the Saviour in the deep tenderness of His filial love, was with His dying breath commending His mother to the care of the beloved disciple, He addressed

her in the same way, "Woman, behold thy son." "At the same time," continued Mrs. Stanley, "His mother, in the case before us, was forgetting that, though He was indeed her son, He was also the Son of God; she was interfering with His duties as the Son of God, and accordingly she was rebuked. We are in some danger of falling into the same fault, and should take the reproof as a warning to ourselves."

Edward.—"How can that be, mamma? How can we be in danger of falling into this fault?"

Mrs. S.—"By thinking of our blessed Saviour as a man, as a child, as an infant, as in the hands of His wicked and infuriated enemies, till we lose sight of His great power and Godhead. We must indeed dwell upon all these things, and adore His wonderful humility; but at the same time we must never forget that He was God, and that He could at any time have called to His assistance more than twelve legions of angels, or, at a word, have destroyed all His cruel foes. But now let us consider the way in which the miracle itself was performed."

Edward.—"He told the servants to fill the water-pots with water, and they filled them up to the brim."

Mrs. S.—"And what does the Bible tell us the water-pots were set there for?"

Edward.—"After the manner of the purifying of the Jews."

Mrs. S.—"This shows how natural it was for such large water-pots to be standing there; and as every one must have known the ordinary use of them, it made it more evident to the bystanders that a miracle had been performed, and that the water-pots had not contained wine, till the Lord, by the word of His power, changed the water into wine. Do you remember the remark of the ruler of the feast?"

Edward.—"He said to the bridegroom 'Every man at the beginning doth set forth good wine, and when men have well drunk then that which is worse: but thou hast kept the good wine until now.'"

Mrs. S.—"By these words, in which he spoke of the ordinary custom of feast-givers among the Jews, he bore testimony to the excellence of the wine, not knowing where it had come from. But I have heard his words applied very beautifully to the different manner in which men are treated by the world, and by the great and good God. The world offers the best it has at first, to tempt and allure men, and afterwards it has nothing but bitterness in store for them. Do you understand me?"

Edward.—"I think I do; for when doing wrong I have often felt it pleasant at first

but have been frightened and unhappy afterwards."

Mrs. S.—"I think you do partly understand me; but, besides what you say, when young people give themselves up to the world, that is, when they indulge themselves in everything, without thinking of God and His laws, they get into the chains of evil habits, and after the indulgences have ceased to please them, they still feel so much under the dominion of these habits, that it is difficult, nearly impossible, for them entirely to break through the chains, and give up what they feel to be sinful, and what gives them no pleasure. So you see the world at the beginning doth set forth good wine, and when men have well drunk then that which is worse. But God does not treat us so. At the beginning we may find it difficult to deny ourselves, and to keep in mind God's laws and God's presence. But if we set ourselves steadily to the task, and pray for His gracious assistance, we shall find it less difficult than we expected; it will year by year become easier and more natural to us. He will shed His love abroad in our hearts, and give us such peace as will more than compensate for any pleasures we may have to give up; and then you know, dear Edward, the glory and happiness which He has kept for such of His children as have here desired

to serve and please Him, and have been forgiven for the sake of His dear Son."

Edward.—"I feel, while you speak to me, as if I should like to be one of God's children; and yet, mamma, I do not think I can give up all my pleasures and amusements."

Mrs. S.—"It is quite natural for you not to like it, and God has never called upon you to do so. On the contrary, all innocent pleasures and amusements become sweeter and more full of enjoyment, when blessed and sanctified by a Father's love; and I may put to you the question which is so well asked in those lines in the 'Christian Year:'—

> 'Why should we fear youth's draught of joy,
> If pure, would sparkle less?
> Why should the cup the sooner cloy,
> Which God hath deigned to bless?'"

Edward.—"I like these lines, mamma; I once learned them at school, but I never thought what they meant before."

Mrs. S.—"This brings me to another thing about this miracle which I wished to point out to you. It was, as you know, the first; and it has been looked upon as a kind of prophetic symbol, to show what was to be the object of our Lord's ministry on earth,—an ennobling of the common, and a transmuting* of the mean, a turning of the

* Trench on the Miracles.

water of earth into the wine of heaven. I fear this is difficult for you to understand, but, if you are not too tired, I think I can make it clear to you."

Edward.—"O no, I am not tired; I should like to understand it: I think I do a little, though I cannot quite explain what I mean."

Mrs. S.—"Try to explain what you mean, and then I can more easily make you understand the whole."

Edward.—"Well, I think it means what you said just now about innocent pleasures becoming sweeter when God is pleased with us."

Mrs. S.—"That is partly what it means; but not only in pleasures, for in duties, in temptations, and even in sorrows, the water of earth may be changed into the wine of heaven."

Edward.—"Well, I don't understand that."

Mrs. S.—"Do you not think that if you were doing a difficult thing to please some one you loved, you would be happier than if you were doing it simply to escape punishment?"

Edward.—"Of course I should like better to do it to please a person I love like you."

Mrs. S.—"Well, if you loved God, and felt to Him as a child to a parent, all the common duties of life might be done to

please Him; and would not this make them higher and nobler duties?"

Edward.—"When we say our prayers, or read the Bible, we are pleasing Him."

Mrs. S.—"We may please Him in our ordinary duties too, Edward. You know that when you are working at your lessons at school, you ought not to be idle yourself, or to make others idle, but to be diligent and attentive; now, if you do this, remembering that God's eye is upon you, and that it is His will that you should be diligent and obedient, then you are pleasing Him, and you may be sure that He loves you."

Edward.—"When I am at school I *must* do as you say, and obey the master."

Mrs. S.—"Yes, but then the question is, will you do it only because you *must*, or will you do it, willingly and cheerfully, because it is right and pleasing to God? You may tell pretty well what your motive is by seeing whether you do as well, when out of sight, as you would if directly under your master's eye. If you have grace to try so to go through the duties of the day, you will feel the difference; they will seem so much more interesting, and you will be so much happier, that you will be ready to acknowledge that the water of earth has been turned into the wine of heaven."

Edward was thoughtful and silent for

some minutes; then, suddenly, he said, "But mamma, you spoke of sorrows too."

Mrs. S.—"Yes, Edward, I did. If we obstinately refuse to learn in this way to be truly happy, God often makes use of sorrows to bring us to a sense of our duty; and if by means of them we are led to turn to Him and serve Him, to taste of His mercy here, and live for ever in His presence hereafter, will not the sorrow have been blessed to us, and may we not again say, that the water has been turned into wine? But I believe this is rather difficult for you to understand at present, and we have talked long enough on this subject to-day. You may go now, my dear boy, and may God bless you, and teach you to remember Him and love Him in the days of your youth; so may you find, when the day of your death shall come, that He has kept the good wine till the last."

Edward left his mother's room thoughtfully and quietly, but as he went down stairs, he began to think how he should spend the first whole day of the holidays.

He thought of riding his pony, fishing in the stream, working in the little garden which his kind mother had given him, and for a few minutes he went on considering which of these amusements would give him most pleasure. Then he thought of a long

lesson in poetry he had to learn during the holidays, and some writing which must also be done. Mr. Price, his master, always told the boys that he wished a part of these lessons to be done every day; but, I am sorry to say, his wishes had been very little attended to, and Edward had been in the habit of leaving his work till the last few days, and then it was very ill done, though it occupied nearly all his time, and the whole house was disturbed by his groans and murmurs.

As the thought of all this passed through Edward's mind, he stopped a moment to consider what he should do. First, he thought of going to consult his mamma; but then he knew exactly what she would say. He remembered all she had said about doing the ordinary duties of life with a wish to please God. The sound of her blessing and prayer for him was still in his ears, and though he had never before done any thing simply from this motive, he now resolved that he would try. He said half aloud the simple words, "O God, help me to do what is right;" and then he went cheerfully for his books, and worked so hard, that, when his mother came to look for him, he was surprised to find that a whole hour had passed since he had left her room, and that he had got through a good hour's work. She

kissed him when she saw what he had been doing, and though nothing was said, Edward felt very happy, and ran out to his garden with a light heart. After dinner, Mrs. Stanley proposed that he should go and fish, promising to join him in the evening. Edward had been fishing a long time, and was beginning to be weary of being alone, when he saw his mother coming along the path. He ran to meet her, and they sat together enjoying the sweet evening air under a large spreading beech; and after Edward had talked, till he was tired, of his companions and adventures at school, he was very glad to listen to a story of some travellers in the desert, which his mother read to him from a book she had brought with her. They then turned towards home, walking slowly that they might admire the beautiful pure sky, and the reflexions in the clear water, the varied colouring of the trees, and the mosses on the bank, the brilliant foxglove, and the delicious honeysuckle which grew luxuriantly on every side. Edward had never thought much about such beauties before; but now, as he looked round, and as his mother again spoke of the goodness of the great God, who bestows all these means of enjoyment on His rebellious creatures, he felt his heart swell with love and gratitude, and he joined with earnest-

ness in repeating the following lines of Bp. Heber's, which had long been especial favorites of Mrs. Stanley's:

> "O God, O good beyond compare,
> If thus Thy meaner works are fair,
> If thus Thy bounties gild the span
> Of ruined earth and sinful man,
> How glorious must the mansions be,
> Where Thy redeemed shall dwell with Thee!"

"And now, Edward," said his mother, when they had concluded the last line, "I think you may find another illustration of the miracle you read this morning. All this beauty of nature is given for our refreshment, and the innocent enjoyment it affords is like pure water to a weary man. But if it leads our minds upwards, as by God's blessing it may do, then does not His power change this pure water into a richer cordial for our weary spirits, and may we not say again, that the water of earth is hanged into the wine of heaven?"

When Edward went to bed that night, he lt that he had spent a day of great enjoyent, and while he was still musing upon me of his mother's kind words, and thinkr over the new ideas she had presented to mind, he fell asleep; and so ended the t day of the holidays.

CHAPTER II.

"Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see:
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care."

NEXT morning, immediately after breakfast, Edward ran to his mother's room, and she was not long in joining him there.

"It is the nobleman's son to-day, dear mamma," he said.

Mrs. S.—"Yes, that is the next miracle in the Gospel of St. John, but I would rather read them with you in a different order first; afterwards you shall arrange them in your list, as nearly as you can in the order in which they were performed. To-day I wish you to read the miracle of the leper cleansed, as related in the eighth chapter of St. Matthew. It took place, you remember, as our Saviour descended the mountain, after He had finished His sermon on the mount."

Edward read the miracle attentively through to his mother, and was then going on with the rest of the chapter, when she stopped him, saying, "We shall first consider the miracle you have just read."

"Very well, mamma," answered Edward, "only I thought there was not much in it to speak about: I understand it quite well."

Mrs. S.—"And can you tell me anything about this dreadful disease of leprosy?"

Edward.—"O yes, mamma, it was very horrible; I do not like to think about it. I remember Mr. Price described it to us, and he said it was like a living death; that the leper's body decayed and fell away while he was yet alive, that his flesh turned white, and that he was covered with sores. He said, too, that it was very infectious, and so lepers were not allowed to live among other people, but, whenever they came near any one, they were obliged to cover their lip, and to cry out 'Unclean, unclean.'"

Mrs. S.—"You have remembered well, my boy, and have told pretty correctly what I wished to make you understand concerning leprosy. You have, however, omitted to say, that it was a disease incurable by any skill of man, and only to be removed by God

Himself; and also, I believe it is a mistake to suppose that it was infectious, or could be communicated by any of the ordinary intercourse of life."

Edward.—"But then, mamma, why should the lepers have been separated from the rest of the people? Was it not a command of God that they should? I think Mr. Price said that it was."

Mrs. S.—"Certainly it was. The laws concerning leprosy were most distinct and stringent; leprosy is a fearful and most exact symbol of sin, that dreadful disease of the soul; and these laws were, I believe, imposed as a symbol of the separation which sin causes between the soul and God. Do you think, Edward, you can trace the resemblance between leprosy and sin?"

Edward.—"I do not think I quite understand what you mean."

Mrs. S.—"Sin is a disease of which the soul must die if it be not cured."

Edward.—"O, now I see; leprosy is a disease of which the body must die if it be not cured."

Mrs. S.—"Just so; and further, as leprosy is a living death, so the soul of the sinner may be said to be dead even while he seems to be alive. But there is still another resemblance. Do you remember what I said you had omitted in your description?"

Edward.—"Yes, that it could be cured only by God."

Mrs. S.—"And you know that it is God alone who can forgive sin, and deliver the soul from its power and punishment."

Edward.—"But still, mamma, I do not understand why the leper was to be kept separate, if, as you say, leprosy was not infectious."

Mrs. S.—"You know that all sickness and death were brought into the world by sin, and are signs of sin reigning in the world; and so among the Jews it was commanded that anything connected with death should be treated as impurity; and after touching a dead body, unless purified before entering the camp, they were to be cut off for having defiled the sanctuary of the Lord. Now, as all sickness is connected with death, God might with perfect consistency have made every disease an occasion of uncleanness. In His mercy, however, He restricted these laws to one disease, leprosy, to keep the Jews in mind that all sickness is caused by sin, and that though the effects of sin on the soul are unseen, yet they are as dreadful as those of sickness on the body."

Edward.—"But were lepers always greater sinners than other people?"

Mrs. S.—"We have no reason to believe

that such was always the case. Sometimes, indeed, leprosy was inflicted as a direct punishment by God. Do you remember any instance?"

Edward.—"Gehazi was made a leper for telling a lie." (2 *Kings* v.)

Mrs. S.—"Yes, and Miriam, the sister of Moses—"

Edward.—"I remember, for speaking against Moses." (*Num.* xii.)

Mrs. S.—"There was an awful instance, too, in the history of the kings of Judah."

Edward.—"I do not remember it at all."

Mrs. S.—"Uzziah, the king of Judah, wished to burn incense in the temple of the Lord, and when the priests opposed his design, saying that it did not appertain to him to burn incense but to the priests, he was angry, and took a censer in his hand to burn incense; and while he was wroth with the priests the leprosy even rose up in his forehead before the priests in the house of the Lord."

Edward.—"It was indeed an awful example."

Mrs. S.—"And now do you see the lesson which the laws about leprosy were intended to teach the Jews? They were intended to show the impurity of sin, and its tendency to make a separation between the soul and God, and its certainty to end in the eternal

death of the soul, if not graciously removed by Him. But you do not look quite satisfied; what is it that you do not understand?"

Edward.—"I think I understand what you mean, but still I cannot see why the lepers were to be so used, if they were not worse than other people."

Mrs. S.—"I said just now, Edward, that it was an act of God's mercy to restrict these laws to the one disease of leprosy; and though the lepers might not be worse than other men, yet you know that all men have sinned so far against God, as to deserve nothing but punishment at His hands; and therefore any suffering we may have to bear is no more than is just and right. He spares indeed many who have deserved punishment, but this only shows the extent of His mercy, and we may be sure that He has some wise and good end in view, both when He spares and when He punishes."

Edward.—"But, mamma, when you say we are all sinners, do you mean that our souls are all in the position of these wretched lepers?"

Mrs. S.—"By nature such is certainly the case; the deadly taint of sin and impurity is upon us all, and it is only when the healing and purifying blood of our blessed Saviour is applied to our souls, it is

only when He touches and says, 'I will, be thou clean,' that this taint is removed."

Edward sat thinking for some time without speaking; at last he said, "Mamma, I cannot feel that my soul is so sick and diseased."

Mrs. S.—"Alas! my dear boy, there are many who feel as you do; and till we are convinced of our sad state, and, like this poor leper, come humbly to Jesus, saying, 'Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean,' we cannot hope for recovery."

Edward.—"But how can I feel differently?"

Mrs. S.—"Think, my dear boy. You know that God's command is, that we should give up our hearts unreservedly to Him, should be holy as He is holy, and pure as He is pure. Can you say that you have always kept this in mind, and acted upon it? Have you always been perfectly upright, honest, and sincere? Have you never had even the wish to deceive, or to make things seem other than they were? Have you always loved God's day and God's book, taking delight in praying to Him, and praising Him? And after disobeying Him, have you always confessed your sin humbly and sorrowfully, and prayed earnestly to Him for pardon through the name of Jesus

Christ His Son? And have you implored the assistance of His Holy Spirit, to make you more faithful in His service? These are some of the questions you should ask yourself, if you wish to know your true state in the sight of God."

While Mrs. Stanley spoke, Edward covered his face with his hands, and remained silent. He had borne a pretty fair character at school, had been, in general, diligent and obedient, would have scorned to tell a direct falsehood, and was kind and obliging to his companions. Now, however, when he heard what his mother considered to be the character of a real servant of Christ, he felt that he had come very far short of it, indeed that he had never even aimed at it. He remembered in a moment tricks and slight deceptions which he had frequently gloried in with his companions; he thought of weary Sundays, on which he had taken no pleasure in the service of God, although, to escape censure, he had behaved quietly at church. He remembered whole days spent without one thought of God, although morning and evening he had gone through the form of kneeling to Him in prayer; and he felt with shame how little the thought of pleasing God had ever influenced him. And although he now knew something more of the value of the Bible, yet

how long had he looked upon it lesson-book, in which his task, like many of his other tasks, was to be slu over with as little trouble as would en him to escape punishment. Even now had but a small conception of the weigh ingratitude which rested on his soul, fo thought not of the love he owed to his Ma and Redeemer; but, without this, he enough of evil in himself to bow down his head with shame, and soon his mother saw the tears trickling between his fingers, as he still sat covering his face with his hands.

She laid her hand gently on his head, and he looked up, saying, "O mamma, you have made me so unhappy, but indeed I never thought before how wrong it all was."

Mrs. S.—"It is God's mercy that is making you feel it now, my dear boy. You know it is one of the offices of the Holy Spirit to convince of sin. But tell me, my child, what is it that so oppresses you?"

Edward.—"Indeed I can hardly tell you; but I know now that I have never served God, never even tried to serve Him, as I ought; and then I have often disobeyed Him, and I have never heartily asked Him to forgive me. I don't think I quite know how."

Mrs. S.—"Now then you can feel like the poor leper. He was, as St. Luke tells

us, 'full of leprosy;' and you feel that you are full of sin and evil. He was quite helpless and powerless, and you feel too that you can do nothing to help yourself. Now think, what did he do?"

Edward answered in a low voice, "He went to Jesus, mamma."

Mrs. S.—"And Jesus did not reject him. He says Himself, 'Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out.' And two of His Apostles write, 'His blood cleanseth us from all sin.' 'He bare our sins in His own body on the tree, that we, being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness.' (*John* vi. 37. 1 *John* i. 7. 1 *Pet.* ii. 24.) Pray to Him, my darling boy; come to Him humbly as the leper did; kneel before Him, and say, 'Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean;' and believe His own gracious words, 'Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.' He will say to you, as He said to this poor leper, 'I will, be thou clean.'"

As Mrs. Stanley spoke, she knelt, and Edward, falling on his knees beside her, joined with all his heart in her humble petitions for pardon. Her own tears fell fast as she pleaded the bitter sufferings and death of the blessed Redeemer, and prayed that their souls might be washed and made clean in his precious blood, that every sin

might be forgiven, that the deadly sick of their souls might be cured, their w ness be strengthened, their love be kind their faith increased; and that they mi have grace so to pass through things te poral, as finally not to lose the thin eternal.

The prayer ended, Edward felt calme and at peace. His tears still flowed, bu they were soft and gentle; and though hi spirits were subdued, he felt a spring o happiness within him such as he had never known before. "I am sure," he said, "that God has forgiven me: I wish I could show Him how much I love Him, and how grateful I am!"

Mrs. Stanley kissed him tenderly as she answered, "He sees your heart, and He knows the feelings which I believe you would find it impossible to express. But now read the miracle through to me once more, and then show, by your diligence in your appointed work, that you have a true sense of God's pardoning mercy."

Edward read the miracle again, as she desired; but this time how full of new meaning did it seem to him. He now felt the perfect beauty of the description, and his heart glowed with love and admiration as he read, "Jesus put forth His hand and touched him, saying, I will, be thou clean."

When he had finished reading, he reverently laid down his Bible; and having kissed his mother, he ran off to his lessons, and soon found that the happiness within him, helped him with his work, instead of hindering him. Meanwhile Mrs. Stanley, left alone in her own room, fell on her knees before her heavenly Father to thank Him for the gracious answer to the prayers so often and fervently offered up for her darling Edward, the only son of his mother —and she was a widow.

CHAPTER III.

"Weary soul and burthened sore,
Labouring with thy secret load,
Fear not all thy grief to pour
In this heart, true love's abode.
Think not all is hidden quite:
Mothers' ears are keen to hear,
Mothers' eyes are quick as light,
Glancing wide, and watching near."

THE remainder of this day was spent by Edward in much the same way as the day before. His lessons were less irksome to him than usual; for, although they occupied a shorter time, yet as he gave his whole mind to them, he accomplished a fair share of work, and with a light heart ran out to play. Then he had a long ride on his pony, and another sweet walk with his mamma by the river side in the evening, followed by her kind good-night and whispered blessing. His evening prayer was full of thankfulness and earnest love, and when his head was laid on the pillow he soon fell asleep, nor did he

wake till the early sun shone in his face, reminding him that another day of happiness had begun. His feeling on waking was that something delightful had happened, or was about to happen. He thought at first that his pleasure arose from the holidays having come, and from his being at home with his own mamma; but soon the conversation of the previous day came back to his mind. Then he thought how his heavenly Father had forgiven all his sins, and how He was now smiling on him with love, and promising to lead and guide him in the right way till his life's end. The language of his heart, if not of his lips, was, "My Father, Thou art the guide of my youth;" (*Jer.* iii. 4.) and earnestly did he resolve to follow the paths of peace and holiness, and having been once purged from his sins, to go and sin no more.

Poor Edward! He knew little of the struggle that lay before him, or he would have felt less confident of immediate success; he thought little of the spiritual enemies arrayed against him, or he would have cried more earnestly for help from above; he was little aware of the weakness and waywardness of his own heart, or, instead of simply resolving to be pure and holy, he would have sought the influence of the Holy Spirit to make him so.

Still his determination was good, a
by trying to keep it in his own stren
he would soon learn how sadly fallen
nature is.

He repeated a short form of morn
prayer, which had been taught him in e
days by his nurse, and he repeated it w
attention and reverence; for, though
had been in the habit of saying his pray
morning and evening, yet he had thou
but little of the meaning of the words
was using.

On meeting him in the breakfast-ro
his mother was pleased to see the bri
smile and the happy countenance w
which Edward greeted her. Breakfast o
he ran gaily to her room, and until she ca
employed himself in studying the min
of the leper cleansed, and in thinking l
blessed the reading of it had been to h
As Mrs. Stanley entered the room, he loo
up and said, "Mamma, do you remem
what you taught me about the water be
turned into wine? Well, I have foun
new instance of it. This story of the le
I always thought very interesting and e
very beautiful, but now it is much more
and I think God has been turning the wa
into wine."

Mrs. S.—"I trust He has indeed, my d
boy, and so may you often find it. I h

frequently found a passage of the Bible, which I had read without any particular pleasure or profit, suddenly flooded, as it were, with light, and I have learned from it deep lessons which before had been quite hidden from my eyes. . Let us pray to the Holy Spirit to open our eyes, that we may behold wondrous things out of His law. And now," she said, when Edward had finished repeating the Collect, "now we must choose another miracle for to-day. We shall take the cleansing of the ten lepers. You will find the account of it in the seventeenth chapter of St. Luke, at the eleventh verse."

When Edward had read the miracle he stopped a moment to think, and then exclaimed, "Mamma, can you believe that any nine men could be so shamefully ungrateful? can hardly believe it possible."

Mrs. Stanley looked at him with a sad iet smile, as she answered, "Indeed, lward, I might have thought it incredible, d I not so often seen equal, nay greater ratitude among ourselves."

Edward.—"O mamma, how can that be? even to take the trouble to come back give him thanks; only one out of ten even this! Surely you have not often ingratitude like this."

s. Stanley gently answered, "Edward, to me. What should you think of one

who for ten long years had been receiving daily the greatest gifts from a benefactor, had been fed by him, clothed, cherished, supplied with every comfort, and guarded from every danger; and yet, in the whole course of these ten years, had never once felt a glow of gratitude for these favours, nor so much as the wish to do anything to please the generous giver—what should you think of such a one?"

Edward did not answer, but looked up at his mother with an anxious wondering glance.

She continued—"Should you not think his ingratitude at least as great as that of the lepers? And should you not wonder even more at the indifference of one who could go on so long receiving such great favours in so unloving a spirit? But if, besides this, you were told that, instead of trying to please and serve his Benefactor, this person had been living in a constant state of enmity to Him, refusing to comply with His slightest request, and even taking part against Him with His most deadly enemy, rejecting all His loving offers of pardon, and making light of His words even when most gracious—"

Here Edward broke in,—"Mamma, I know you mean me, but I never did that. I have never made light of God's Word, indeed I have not."

Mrs. S.—"No, Edward? Not when you have disliked reading the Bible, making no secret of considering it a wearisome task? Is not this making light of His gracious words? My darling boy, I would not willingly give you pain, but I do wish you to see how deeply sinful such ingratitude is. Think of it, Edward; think of the watchful love and care which God has had for you since the day of your birth; above all, think of the precious gift of His only Son to die for your sins; then think how, till yesterday, you were careless and indifferent to all this love; and then let us pray to Him to pardon such ingratitude, and to give you grace now to give up your whole heart to Him, a willing offering, henceforth to be moulded as He will; and let us thank Him too, my dear boy, that He has at last awakened you to see this ingratitude; for, believe me, it is He alone who can open our eyes to a sense of our sinfulness."

Edward felt these words sink deep into his heart, and he smiled through his tears, as he answered, "Indeed, mamma, I see that I have been like these lepers myself; indeed, much worse; but I am not like them now: God sees my heart, and He knows that I am thankful now."

Mrs. S.—"I trust indeed you are, my child: and now let us look at the incidents

of this miracle, and try to learn the le
which God intends to teach us in it."

Edward.—"Some of these will, I t
be the same as those we learned yeste
from the cleansing of the one leper."

Mrs. S.—"Certainly they will: can
tell what these were?"

Edward.—"Yes, I think I can: le
is like sin; we cannot get rid of it
selves; we must pray to Christ, like the
and He will take our sins away, and
us clean."

Mrs. S.—"You have remembere
conversation well. But now do you re
a difference in the manner of the
cures?"

Edward.—"Yes, mamma. In the
He put forth His hand and touched
in this He only told them to go and
themselves to the priests."

Mrs. S.—"This was a keener trial of
faith; did they stand it?"

Edward.—"I don't quite understand

Mrs. S.—"I mean, it required faith
while they were yet uncleansed, to
themselves as cured to the priests; and
you, had they faith enough to do this?

Edward.—"Yes, they went immedia

Mrs. S.—"And what happened?"

Edward.—"As they went they
cleansed."

Mrs. S.—"And now comes the part of the story at which you were so justly shocked. They had faith enough to pray for help, and to use the means for their recovery; but there their faith ended, and one only turned to give thanks. Now this is an error which many are apt to fall into, even of those who have a general sense of gratitude to God for His general mercies. When we are in trouble, we remember to call upon Him, but when He has heard and delivered us, we too often forget to glorify Him. (*Ps.* l. 15.) But can you tell why they were sent to show themselves to the priests at all?"

Edward.—"Because it was one of the laws about leprosy that they should show themselves to the priests, and that the priests should decide whether they were really cured or not." (*Lev.* xiv.)

Mrs. S.—"Yes, and our Saviour 'came not to destroy the law or the prophets, but to fulfil.' (*Matt.* v. 17.) But there was another reason for this command of our Lord's."

Edward.—"He might wish the priests themselves to see that the men were really cured by Him."

Mrs. S.—"Yes, and not only to see it themselves, but, according to their office, to pronounce with authority that it was a real

cure. But tell me now, how did He receive the one who turned back?"

Edward.—"He said, 'Were there not ten cleansed? but where are the nine? There are not found that returned to give glory to God, save the stranger.'"

Mrs. S.—"But what did He say to the man himself?"

Edward.—"'Thy faith hath made thee whole; go in peace.'"

Mrs. S.—"He alone then received this peculiar blessing, 'Go in peace—that peace which the world cannot give, the peace which springs from the sense of sin forgiven, and iniquity pardoned; peace with God through Jesus Christ our Lord.' (*John* xiv. 27; *Ps.* xxxii. 1, 2; *Rom.* v. 1.) But now for the practical lessons for ourselves. We must not do as did these lepers. We must never forget that 'we have been purged from our old sins,' (2 *Pet.* i. 9,) and the remembrance of this should make us humble in our own eyes, and charitable in judging our neighbours; for if we look steadily at our own sins, we shall see more evil in ourselves than we can in others."

Edward looked puzzled at this, and said, "But, mamma, I must know that there are people much more wicked than I am: thieves and murderers."

Mrs. S.—"You may indeed know that

they have done more wicked things than you have had either temptation or opportunity to do, but you cannot know the sin of their hearts as you can that of your own. You cannot know the strength of the temptation under which they fell, nor can you tell whether you would have done better yourself in the same circumstances. But by watching yourself, you may with God's help learn, better than I or any one else can teach you, that in heart you have been a rebel against God; that though you have been taught His commandments, yet you have committed many secret sins against Him, and that even your holiest thoughts and best actions are so polluted with sin, that they must be purged in the blood of the Lamb before a holy and righteous God could deign even to look on them. And remember, I did not say we were actually more wicked than others, but that if we think aright, we must *see* more evil in ourselves than in any other. Now go, my boy, to your lessons, and remember that gratitude to God must be shewn not in word only but in deed and in truth. And one word more before you go—Remember St. Paul's warning: 'Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall.'" (1 *Cor.* x. 12.)

As Edward left the room Mrs. Stanley sat for some moments in anxious thought; for

she saw that he had too good an opinion
himself, and too much reliance on his ow
strength. She breathed a few words
prayer that God would, in His own wa
and time, show him his weakness and th
secret of true strength; and then, with
lighter heart, she went to her usual occu
pations, as one who felt that she had ca
all her care on Him who cared for her.

In the meantime Edward went with th
full intention of being very diligent at h
lessons: but as he left the room the servan
met him and exclaimed, "O, Master Edward
come and see what a beautiful present you
aunt has just sent you."

Edward ran down stairs, and to his de
light found a fine new fishing-rod, larger an
better than any he had ever had before
also a fishing-book, containing hooks an
flies of every variety, and a bundle of ma
terials, carefully selected, for the dressing
innumerable new flies. There was a kin
letter too, saying that although these hol
days were not to be spent with her, she sti
looked upon him as one of her own boy
and had therefore sent him the same presen
as she had given to each of them, and th
his cousins had taken great pains in choo
ing the flies, and hoped he would be please
It may easily be imagined how much ple
sure all this gave Edward; lessons, resol

tions, all were forgotten. First, the fishing-rod had to be put up, and every joint examined and admired; then, the line must be drawn through—and all this took some time. Next, he proceeded to examine the book more carefully. He had often seen the elder boys dressing flies at school, and had longed to be able to do so too; so now he sat down to try; and in ineffectual attempts the time passed so quickly, that he was only roused by his mother laying her gentle hand on his shoulder, and saying kindly, "Dear Edward, how absorbed you must be: the dinner bell has rung, we must go to dinner."

Then perceiving his occupation she asked where the rod and flies had come from; and sympathised heartily in his joy at his new possessions.

After dinner she proposed, that as she was going to call on a friend at some distance, he should accompany her part of the way in the carriage; and as there was a good fishing stream near the road, he might stop by it and try his new rod till she returned from her visit.

Edward was of course delighted, and went at once to get ready. As he was leaving the room, his mother smiled at his eagerness and said, "How fortunate that you had finished your lessons before the parcel ar-

rived; if you had not, I am afraid yo would have found it very difficult to f your mind on them."

Thus reminded of his neglected lesson Edward's first impulse was to say at one that he had not prepared them that day usual; but unfortunately, before he can back, he had time to think that if his mamm knew the truth she would perhaps leav him at home to learn them then; and whe he saw the sun shining so brightly, an everything looking so beautiful, his nex idea was, "How fortunate that mamm asked me no questions, for if she had must have told her the truth."

Now Edward was quite mistaken in sup posing that his mamma would have left hi at home, for she had no wish to be sever upon her little boy, and she would hav thought it quite enough to warn him of th danger of allowing any pursuit or pleasur to turn him aside from the duty of the pre sent hour. She wished to leave him as muc as possible, during these holidays, to his ow management, that he might learn to com mand himself, and to do what was right not merely to please her, but from a principl of duty towards God.

But even if he had been left at home, th consciousness of having been open and sin cere would have made him happier than h

was now; for he felt that by his silence he had in fact deceived his mother. During the drive he could not shake off this feeling: he was continually trying to quiet his conscience by repeating to himself, "I did not tell a lie:" "I was not bound to tell tales about myself:" "I would have spoken the truth if she had asked me." But these suggestions, which at school might have set his mind at rest, were but little comfort to him now; his eyes were opened; he knew that God saw all his secret thoughts, and he remembered the verse of the psalm, which had never struck him so strongly before, "Thou desirest truth in the inward parts." (*Ps.* li. 6.)

Much he longed to speak out; but it now seemed so much more difficult; and he sighed as he thought, "O how easy it would have been, if I had only spoken out at once!"

Poor Edward! The drive, from which he had expected so much pleasure, was a sad one to him; and when his mother left him to his fishing, and told him that he had more than two hours for his amusement, he had hardly the heart to put up his rod.

As he got interested in his sport, and as he was again and again successful, he forgot his trouble for a time; but when he saw the carriage approaching, and ran to meet his mother and show her his prize, the remem-

brance of his fault came back upon hi
again. "She would not smile on me wi
such pleasure if she knew the truth," thoug
he; and it was with difficulty that he cou
talk and laugh with her as usual, or list
to the account she gave him of the frie
she had been seeing, how they had be
school-fellows, and how they had spent ma
happy days together in the holidays, lon
long ago.

She observed that he was more sile
than usual, and as they entered the hou
she said, "You are tired, my dear; you h
better go to bed at once, and I will co
and kiss you before you go to sleep."

Now Edward was not tired, and h
hoped to have been allowed to sit up, a
have some of his own trouts at tea; but
could say nothing, so after swallowing h
supper of bread and milk, he wished h
mamma good night, and went to bed. Wh
however she came to give him a kiss, a litt
time after, she found him crying; and
soon as he saw her, he said, "O mamma!
am so glad you have come; I could not
to sleep." She came up to him and said
an anxious tone, "You must be ill, m
darling; does your head ache?" and s
smoothed the hair off his face, and gent
kissed his brow.

Edward could bear it no longer, but thre

his arms round her neck and told her all—how he had first neglected his lessons, how he had been glad she should think he had prepared them, and how he had deceived her by allowing her to believe that he had been diligent at them, when he knew he had neglected them altogether.

When Edward had finished making his confession, he still hid his face on her shoulder, not venturing to look up into her face; she raised his head gently, and fondly kissing him she said, "Let this be a warning to you, dear boy. You thought you could be good if you chose to make the determination, and you forgot to ask God for help. If, as you left my room, you had asked Him to bless your endeavours, you would not I think have forgotten your lessons. I think too, you must have remembered them sometimes in the course of the forenoon."

Edward.—"Yes mamma, I did; and conscience whispered to me to go; but I was interested, and I thought the proper time was past; and then I forgot again; and after you had spoken, I wished very much to tell you, even though I thought you would leave me at home; but something seemed to hold me back."

Mrs. S.—"You have now, by your own experience, learned a most important lesson. Always keep in mind that in your

own strength you can do nothing; and th
without constant prayer for divine help, o
strongest resolutions and best endeavou
must fail. You should now pray to God
forgive you for the sake of His dear Sor
you should thank Him for the pain He h
made you suffer in bringing you to see ar
confess your fault; and you should pra
too, that He will give you grace to d
better, that He will keep you humble i
heart, that the rememberance of your fau
may keep down your self-confidence, an
that trusting in His strength alone, you ma
not again give way so easily to temptatio
but may be truthful and sincere, and ope
in every thought, word, and deed."

Having done as his mother desired, an
prayed earnestly from his heart, Edwar
felt at peace again, and fell asleep thinkin
how good God is to be so ready to forgiv
'all them that with hearty repentance an
true faith turn unto Him'—and resolvin
not in his own strength, but by God's grac
to love and serve Him better than he ha
ever done before.

Now some of my young readers ma
think that it was a very small fault whic
Edward had committed, and that he was to
much distressed about a trifle; but I thin
they do so because they have not though
as Edward did, how very pure and hol

we ought to be, if we wish to please a pure and holy God. Nothing can be a trifle which offends and displeases Him, and sins which seem but little ones, are often great sins in His sight, because they are the greatest that children have it in their power to commit. You may not be tempted to steal or to swear, and therefore may have no difficulty in refraining from such crimes; but you may often be tempted to be idle, careless, disobedient, insincere, or even untruthful; and if you fall into these sins, you plainly show that you would commit greater, if you had temptation or opportunity to do so.

Edward felt all this; and now he better understood his mother's words, that we may see more evil in ourselves than in others, even though they may have committed much greater crimes than we have.

CHAPTER IV.

"Thy guardian fire, thy guiding cloud,
Still let them gild our wall,
Nor be our foes and thine allow'd
To see us faint and fall."

NEXT morning Edward felt some shame on meeting his mamma; but she was so convinced that he had been truly penitent the night before, that she received him in her usual kind and loving way; she was pleased indeed to see that he had not quite forgotten that he had sinned and suffered, and she hoped it would be a lesson to him for the future.

At breakfast she received a letter from Mrs. Howard, Edward's kind aunt, to say that as she and her husband were unexpectedly called upon to go to the North on business, they would see Mrs. Stanley on their way, and if convenient to her, would leave their three boys to spend the time of their absence with her. "It would," she

added, "be a great pleasure to them to be with Edward, as they missed him much these holidays."

Mrs. Stanley read the letter aloud; Edward said but little, and breakfast being soon over, he repaired as usual to his mother's room.

"Mamma," said he, as she joined him a few minutes after, "it will be more difficult than ever to be good now that these boys are coming; I don't know what I am to do."

"Try to put it out of your head, at present, my dear," said his mother; "we shall take our reading first, and then we may talk over this visit together. We shall read to-day the miracle of the Impotent Man, narrated in the fifth chapter of St. John."

Edward read the miracle, having first from his heart asked God to help him to be attentive while he read. When he had finished, his mother asked him the meaning of impotent, and he answered at once that it meant without power, and gave other words from the same root, such as omnipotent and potentate.

She then asked him what he thought was our Lord's reason for saying to the man, 'Wilt thou be made whole?' when the very fact of his being there, seemed to show that he *wished* to be made whole.

Edward said he did not know; he had

never thought of it before; he wisl
mamma would tell him what she tho

Mrs. S.—"It is not unlikely th
length of time the man had waite
made him almost despair of relief: the
tion was, perhaps, designed to awaken i
mind the desire of relief, and to streng
that desire by leading him to give ex
sion to it; it would show that Jesus
an interest in him, and so, perhaps, it
intended to lead him to look to Him
help. But how did our Saviour effect
cure?"

Edward.—"He said, 'Rise, take up t
bed and walk.'"

Mrs. S.—"Now tell me why he had lai
there so long."

Edward.—"Because he had no one to pu
him into the pool, when the water wa
troubled."

Mrs. S.—"Just so. He was an impoten
man, unable even to step into the pool, and ye
the moment the word of power was uttered
he took up his bed and walked. What wa
it that gave him the power to do so?"

Edward.—"Jesus made him whole."

Mrs. S.—"Certainly; but the point I wisl
you particularly to notice is this: Jesu
gave him a command, which, before it wa
given, the man was physically unable t
obey; and yet the moment the comman

was uttered, he did obey it. Do you understand me?"

Edward.—"I think I do. You mean that by bidding him do it, Christ gave him power to do it."

Mrs. S.—"Exactly so; and this conveys a lesson of great importance, and at the same time of great comfort to ourselves."

Edward.—"I don't quite know what you mean."

Mrs. S.—"God's command to us is, to be holy as He is holy, pure as He is pure; and in the act of commanding this, He gives us power to obey Him."

Edward.—"Well mamma, I could have believed that yesterday morning; but yesterday He did not give me power to be good; and I am afraid now I never shall be good."

Mrs. S.—"Do not say so, Edward. God lid give you power, but you did not choose o make use of it. You chose of your own ·ee will to go wrong, instead of asking ·im to help you to be good. You might .ve been good if you had chosen, but you l not choose."

Edward.—"I wish I could understand it, nma. Yesterday you said my fault was ·king I could be good if I chose; and now say I might have been good if I had ɔn."

s. Stanley looked out of

where there stood a cherry-tree in full be
ing. "Edward," she said, "there is
great deal of fruit on that branch near
us."

Edward looked surprised, but answer
immediately, "Yes there is, mamma; San
says it is the best tree he ever saw."

Mrs. S.—"And that branch which h
been broken off, will there be fruit on it too

Edward.—"No, mamma, how can the
be?"

Mrs. S.—"Why not? it was even mo
covered with blossom than the other."

Edward.—"But it is broken from t
tree, it is withered, it cannot have fruit."

Mrs. S.—"Then the branches can on
bear fruit while they are a living part of t
tree, gaining nourishment and support fro
it."

Edward.—"I suppose not."

Mrs. S.—"Well, do you remember wh
our Saviour calls Himself and His discipl
in the fifteenth chapter of St. John?"

Edward.—"He says, 'I am the vine,
are the branches.'"

Mrs. S.—"Then as branches of that vi
what is necessary for our bearing fruit?"

Edward.—"I see what you mean—
must be living parts of the vine. But wh
does this mean?"

Mrs. S.—"That as the branch is co

stantly deriving support and nourishment from the tree, so we should continually look to Him for strength and grace to bring forth fruit; if we give up doing this, we are like a branch broken off, which will soon wither and die. Now can you see how this answers your difficulty?"

Edward.—"I think I do; but I wish you would explain it to me."

Mrs. S.—"Yesterday you thought you could be good in your own strength; you trusted in yourself, and then of course you failed. It is as if that broken branch had said, I am covered with blossom, I have plenty of sap, I will bring forth fruit."

Edward.—"But it has withered and died instead. The sap that was in it soon dried up; and the branch being broken from the tree could get no more."

Mrs. S.—"Exactly so. But may you, my dear boy, be like that living branch growing on the strong stem. It boasts nothing in itself, it owes all its beauty and its promise of fruit to the parent stem, and as long as it grows fast there, ever deriving from the tree nourishment and strength, it will be covered with flourishing leaves, fair flowers, and good fruit. Now read our Saviour's own words about this vine and its branches."

Edward did so, and when he had read to the end of the eighth verse, he stopped and

said, "It is very plain, and yet I never u
derstood it before."

Mrs. S.—"Probably you never thoug
about it before; but I think you do unde
stand it now. Our Saviour says, 'Witho
me ye can do nothing,' and I think your ov
experience teaches you how true his wor
are."

Edward sighed as he answered, "Inde
it does."

Mrs. S.—"Well, now I should like you
try and prove the truth of St. Paul's word
'I can do all things through Christ whic
strengtheneth me.' (*Phil.* iv. 13.) The mo
you feel your own weakness, the safer yo
will be, for you will be led to ask the mo
earnestly for strength from God, and H
has said Himself, 'My strength is ma
perfect in weakness.'" (2 *Cor.* xii. 9.)

All this rather comforted Edward; h
thought he would try to pray; and one
the collects which he had learned at scho
coming into his mind, he thought it
very suitable, that he asked his mamma
he might repeat it to her:

"Almighty God, who seest that we hav
no power of ourselves to help ourselves
keep us both outwardly in our bodies, an
inwardly in our souls; that we may be d
fended from all adversities which may hap
pen to the body, and from all evil though

which may assault and hurt the soul; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen." *Collect for the Second Sunday in Lent.*

He was then leaving the room, when he suddenly stopped and exclaimed, "But, mamma, these boys! and they will be here to-day."

Mrs. S.—"Well, Edward, what of these boys? I thought you liked your cousins."

Edward.—"That is not it, mamma. I do like them; and I love both uncle and aunt Howard very much; but I am afraid their being here will make it more difficult to be good."

Mrs. S.—"I hope not my dear. If you steadily resolve, and remember to ask God for help, you will not, I think, find it so difficult as you fear. But even if it is more difficult, you must strive and pray the more; you must, of course, be very kind to your cousins, and try to please them rather than yourself; but you must not allow yourself to be lead into evil, even to please them. Always speak to me freely of your difficulties; and remember that God knows the strength of every temptation, and that He will not suffer us to be tempted above that we are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that we may be able to bear it." (1 *Cor.* x. 13.)

Edward looked up brightly and said,

"That is the very thing I needed; and here is God's own promise all ready to help me; it is curious how often the Bible seems to speak to me now."

Mrs. S.—"It will always speak to us, as you call it, if we look into it in a humble teachable spirit; and no circumstance can befall us, in which we may not find in the Bible instruction or comfort suited to our condition. We must not omit our morning readings while your cousins are here; but we shall be less liable to interruption, if you come to me before prayers. Now go, and try not to let any thoughts of future difficulties distract you from the duty of the present hour."

Edward went, and without telling his mother, did a double portion of his work to make up for his neglect the day before. He then went to look over his garden tools, his bats and balls and other playthings, to see that they were all in proper order for use before his visitors should arrive.

After dinner his mother recommended him not to go far from home, as she was not sure when the travellers would appear; so he went into the garden, where he busied himself for some time in his own little plot of ground, and very tidy he made it with his hoe and rake.

Then being rather tired, he went to look

for his mother, and found her sitting on the terrace near the house. He threw himself on the grass beside her, and began to talk. Their conversation naturally turned on their expected guests, and Edward described his cousins and his mode of life among them, for his mother's entertainment.

"I like Fred the best," he said. "He is very clever and very kind, though sometimes he does go into dreadful passions. He is about two years older than I am. Willie is about my age, a very nice boy, full of fun and spirit. He is always in scrapes; but then he is very good-humoured, and Mr. Price is very fond of him, although he is often angry with him for being so careless."

"And Harry?" said Mrs. Stanley.

Edward.—"And little Harry is a great pet. He was quite a child when I saw him at Christmas, but he must have grown a good deal since then. He is only eight years old, you know," added Edward with all the dignity of being ten himself.

His mother smiled, and Edward went on. "Then there's aunt Howard—I love her very much. She is so kind and gentle. I don't think I ever heard her say a cross word to any of us. Nothing ever makes her angry. Uncle Howard is very kind too; and when he played with us at cricket or anything, he was just like one of ourselves; and he was

always thinking of some fun for us. Oh, like him very much! But then he can b very angry sometimes; and if he caught u stealing the fruit, or touching his gunpowde or anything of that sort, he used to punis us, and we always tried not to let hi know. But that was very seldom; in gen ral he was very kind to us, and we like him to come and play with us better tha anything."

After a pause, Edward added, "I a afraid, mamma, you would think we we very naughty if you knew how we som times deceived uncle Howard."

Mrs. S.—"I am afraid I should, Edwar and I am glad that you now see that dece tion is not right even in little things. hope you will not be tempted to be decei ful while your cousins are with you; bu if you should, you know now the best wa to resist temptation. Whatever you d try to be upright and honest; try not t do things which you would not like to b known; and then you will not be tempte to deceive."

Edward.—"Indeed I will try, mamma. don't think I should be happy if I were t join them in any deceitful tricks now; but fear they will lead me to do so, and this i what makes me half afraid of their coming.

At this moment the sound of wheels wa

heard; and Mrs. Stanley and Edward had only just time to reach the front door when the carriage drove up. When Edward had been kissed by his kind aunt and warmly greeted by his uncle and the boys, he felt his fears vanishing, and was very happy to see them all again. He had not before known how much he loved them.

The afternoon passed pleasantly and happily away. Mrs. Stanley was as happy as Edward, for she dearly loved her brother, and was pleased to have a visit from him, and his wife, and boys. It was soon arranged that Captain and Mrs. Howard should proceed on their journey next morning immediately after breakfast, and that on their way home they should spend a few days with Mrs. Stanley.

After tea little Harry complained of headache, and as Mrs. Howard was resting on the sofa after the fatigue of the day, his aunt undertook to see him comfortably put to bed. The little fellow was evidently not well, and Mrs. Stanley spoke to him very tenderly, and took him away as gently as she could have done if he had been her own child.

For the first time in his life Edward felt a pang of jealousy. He had always felt that his aunt's tenderness for her little boy was quite natural; and she had always treated

him and her elder sons exactly alike. Bu when he saw his mother's kisses and gent words given to another, he felt a pang f which he could in no way account. He trie to convince himself that it was quite nat ral for her to speak so to Harry, and to ki him when he was ill; but he was hard aware of the nature of the feeling whic was rising up in his heart.

When Mrs. Stanley returned, she was o cupied in talking about Harry's illness, an hearing from his mother how subject he wa to these headaches, and how much care he r quired; and seeing Edward apparently qui happy with his cousins, she took no part cular notice of him till bed-time, when h fond kiss and blessing made him happ again for the time.

When he knelt to say his prayers at nigh he began to think over these feelings, an hearing his mother pass the door on h way from little Harry's room, he begged h to come in for a moment.

She went immediately, and he told h what he had felt, and ended by sayin "Mamma, I hope I am not jealous. I nev was before; I never cared when I thoug any of the boys liked others better than me but it made me uncomfortable to see you much taken up with Harry to night."

Mrs. Stanley kissed him as she answere

"You must watch against this feeling, dear Edward, or it will grow rapidly, and give you much trouble. Never allow your mind to dwell upon it; ask for God's assistance, and then force yourself to think of something else. Try too, to think more of the pleasure of others than of your own; and as much as possible forget yourself. I am very thankful that you spoke to me immediately; and I hope by God's grace you will be enabled to nip this feeling in the bud. Pray for His grace, my child, and remember our Saviour's words, 'Without Me ye can do nothing.'"

CHAPTER V.

"Thou wilt not be untrue, thou
Shalt not be beguil'd."

NEXT morning Edward went early to l
mother's room, and read to her the mira
of the withered hand, in the third chap
of St. Mark.

"I have chosen this miracle for to-d
Edward," said Mrs. Stanley, "because
contains much the same lesson as the o
we read yesterday, a lesson which I shou
like to be strongly impressed upon yo
mind. Do you remember, distinctly, wh
it was?"

Edward.—"Yes, mamma, I do. Chr
says, 'Without Me ye can do nothin
and St. Paul tells us that we can do
things through Christ which strengthene
us."

Mrs. S.—"Very well, Edward, I thi
you do understand the spirit of the less

Can you see how it is taught in this miracle also?"

Edward.—"In bidding the man stretch forth his withered hand, Christ gave him the power to do so."

Mrs. S.—"Well, I think this ought to give you peculiar comfort at present, when you are daily learning more of the evil and weakness of your own heart. You must not be discouraged. We know that our present life is to be a time of warfare, and of trial. One enemy will spring up after another, and they will oftentimes, through our frailty, and our want of watchfulness and prayer, give us shameful defeats: but as often as they do so we must humbly confess that the fault is our own, and must strive all the harder to avoid falling into the snare again. I think you have some idea what your temptations are likely to be during this visit, and it must be your care to watch against them: and if at any time you should fall under them, be as ready as you have hitherto been, to confess your fault to God and to your mother, and we will then pray together; for after sin there is no other comfort."

Edward knew by experience that this was true; and in a humble yet trusting spirit, which was the best preparation for the trials of the day, he followed his mother

into the breakfast-room. There was no one there when they entered; and she said, "One thing I forgot to mention, Edward; I think, to-day, you had better not attempt your lessons, as your uncle and aunt will go immediately after breakfast, and you will be occupied with your cousins. Next week you can do as you think best."

Edward.—"Thank you, mamma—next week I should like best to do them as usual; for remember Thursday."

Mrs. Stanley quite understood his feeling. She gave him a kind approving smile which made him very happy. Just then the bell rang for prayers, and the rest of the party appeared.

After breakfast Captain and Mrs. Howard went away. The mother bent fondly over her little Harry, who was quite well this morning; and the father, as he took leave of his elder boys, charged them to be very good and obedient to their aunt, and to get into no mischief, but to let him hear a good account of them on his return.

When they were fairly away, Mrs. Stanley said, "Now Edward, would not you and your cousins like to take a good walk by yourselves? Suppose you go to the top of Lynmere Hill. Harry, I think, had better remain with me, and we will see if we cannot find some amusement for ourselves in *the garden,* and by the river-side."

This plan pleased them all; and the boys set off to "explore," as they called it: for Edward had taken no long walks, except by the river-side. Mrs. Stanley supplied them with biscuits and sandwiches, and said they might stay out as long as they pleased. They set off in high spirits, soon reached the foot of the hill, and then they began to climb. As the hill was neither very high nor very steep, they had plenty of time to spare; so they amused themselves by gathering quantities of beautiful heather, and wild thyme; they lay down by the side of a little rippling stream to watch the minnows, and tried to catch the small trouts in their hands: not being very successful, however, they soon proceeded on their way.

The sun was now shining brightly overhead, and fleecy clouds, drifting across the sky, made the shadows chase each other over the hillside in a way that, boys as they were, they could not but admire. Then came the fun of starting heavy stones down the steep, and watching them as they rolled faster and faster, bounding and crashing, till they fell into the stream far below.

Higher and higher they climbed, often throwing themselves on the soft grass to rest, and gaze far up into the deep blue summer sky.

At length, just as their patience was

beginning to fail, they found themselves at the top of the hill; and very lovely was the view which rewarded their labours.

The hill on which they stood was one of a small range, which here took a curve, nearly enclosing a small lake, which lay calm and peaceful below, reflecting every rock, almost every bunch of heather, of the hills on the further side.

"That is the lake of Lynmere," said Edward, "and though we have taken so long to come in sight of it, it is in fact only a quarter of a mile from the cottage. We must have come a long way round the hill."

"To be sure we have," said Frederick; "but is that lake so near the cottage as you say?"

"Yes," answered Edward, "don't you see a little rocky path running down the hill, and a very steep bank near the foot of it? Well, that bank just hides the cottage from us: the river comes round that corner, and falls into the lake just where you see a white streak; it is a good big waterfall, though it looks so small from this."

"Are there any fish in the lake?" asked William.

Edward.—"Yes, I believe there are both perch and pike; but Sandy says it's of no use trying for them without the boat."

"The boat! Is there a boat?" exclaimed both boys at once.

"O yes!" answered Edward, eagerly, "such a little beauty of a boat, painted green and white, with a sail. I call her The Swan. Can't you see the boat-house, close to the water."

William.—"O yes; have you often been out in her?"

Edward.—"No, I have only once seen her;" and then, after a moment's hesitation, he added, "Mamma does not wish me to go to the boat-house at all; she thinks boating on the lake dangerous; and there is no one here who knows anything about managing one. But it is a light little thing; I am sure I could go out in it and row it by myself."

William.—"And have you really never done it?"

Edward.—"No. I told you mamma did not wish it. Indeed, she has forbidden me to go down that path again. It is very steep, and leads nowhere but to the boat-house; and she thinks it safer for me to keep out of the way of temptation."

Frederick.—"Is the boat-house locked?"

Edward.—"Yes."

Frederick.—"O, now I understand; you can't get at the boat."

"But I could, if I chose," answered Ed-

ward, rather nettled at his cousin's tone and words. "The key hangs in the hall, behind the door, and I don't believe anybody would miss it, if I were to take it down. But there's no use in speaking any more about it. Let us eat our lunch, and set off again."

To this the others agreed, and soon after they slowly sauntered home.

During dinner the subject of the boat was resumed; and Mrs. Stanley said she was glad it had been mentioned, as she did not wish any of the boys to go down the path to the boat-house; but, she added kindly, "When your father returns we will ask him to give you a day's amusement on the lake; for with him I should have no fear for you; and, in the meantime, I shall have the path repaired, for Sandy tells me the late heavy rains have made it rather dangerous; and the bank is so steep that it is hardly possible to go down, except by the path; and, indeed, this is one reason why I do not wish any of you to attempt it."

Here the subject dropped. Dinner over, the boys were too much fatigued to care for more than a stroll in the garden, and a visit to Edward's pony. In the evening they talked for a long time about old adventures and new schemes for amusement; and they all went to bed tired, having had a day of great enjoyment.

CHAPTER VI.

"Now the holy hour is nigh,
Seek we out the holy ground;
Overhead the breezy sky,
Rustling woodlands all around.

"Haply down some opening glade
Now the old grey tower we see,
Underneath whose solemn shade
Jesus, risen, hath sworn to be."

was Sunday morning, and all nature
ed to rejoice in the calm peacefulness of
acred day. The Church was about two
s from Mrs. Stanley's house. The foot-
passed through a pleasant wood, thick
gh to form a shade from the excessive
of the sun, yet not so thick as entirely
clude his rays, which glinted through
quivering leaves, throwing soft shadows
the bright green moss under foot. The
flowers were in great beauty. A little
by the side of the path was covered with

large water-lilies, giving a most refreshing idea of coolness, as their broad leaves and white petals floated gracefully on the water.

The day being so fine, Mrs. Stanley and her young companions greatly preferred walking to Church through the woods and fields, to going in the carriage by the shorter road; and Harry petitioned so earnestly to be allowed to go too, that Mrs. Stanley consented to take him.

As they went along, she told the boys how she and her brother used to attend this Church when they were children; and how dearly they loved Mr. Leslie, then, as now, the Rector of the parish; how Sunday after Sunday, for many years, they had regularly attended his class; how greatly they had enjoyed his manner of teaching; and how much his approving smile had been longed for and prized.

"It is a long while ago," she said with a sigh, "and very happy days they were. Mr. Leslie is still labouring among his people as earnestly as he did then; and sometimes when I hear him instructing his children patiently, as of old, I could shut my eyes and almost imagine myself a child again among them."

Edward, who had hold of his mother's hand, here looked up. "O, mamma! will he teach them to-day? may we hear him?

and do you think we shall see him to speak to?"

Mrs. S.—"Yes, Edward, I think you may see him and speak to him; in a note I had from him this morning he kindly insists upon my bringing you all to dine at the Rectory between services; and I shall be very happy to do so."

Edward.—"Has he any children?"

Mrs. S.—"He had one son, who used to be our companion in the days I have been speaking of. He is dead; and his widow and children now live entirely with my old friend. The children are young, the eldest not quite so old as Harry: but you will see them at the Rectory to-day."

The conversation now turned on the services of the day; and Mrs. Stanley took pains to explain to Harry some of the passages of Scripture he would hear in the course of the service; and he promised to be very quiet and attentive, and to remember a great deal.

By this time they had come within sight of the Church; and Mrs. Stanley made them notice the exceeding beauty of the tapering spire. "It seems to give so completely the idea of pointing heavenwards," she said, "it makes one long to go."

As she spoke, a lark suddenly sprang from the ground near their feet, and soared higher

and higher, singing blithely as he fluttered upwards, till he almost vanished from their sight in the deep blue sky.

"He seems to wish to show us the way," said Edward, gazing after the bird, which at that moment, either wearied with its upward flight, or having ended its hymn of praise, dropped suddenly as it had risen, and in a moment was hidden in the grass. Edward looked up at his mother, and said, "I should like to soar with him to heaven, but I should not like to fall again so soon."

Mrs. S.—"Yet, dear boy, this is too like ourselves;

> 'For half a prayer, perchance, on high
> We soar, and heaven seems bright and nigh,
> But, ah! too soon frail heart and eye
> Sink down, and earthward rove;'*

but, thank God, it will not be so always."

At this moment they were joined by an old gentleman with a remarkably gentle expression of countenance. There was, besides, an appearance about him of peace and holiness, of which the boys felt the influence, although they could hardly have explained it. As he advanced they felt sure it could be no other than Mr. Leslie, of whom Mrs. Stanley had been speaking; and

* *Lyra Innocentium. Early Warnings*, p. 6.

she confirmed this idea by the warm affectionate way in which she returned his salutation.

"Well, my dear Mary," he said, "I am glad to see you surrounded by your train. Let me see; this," and he laid his hand on Edward's head, "this must be your own boy, your own and William Stanley's," he added, with a sigh; "he is very like his father, I should have known him anywhere:" then, turning to the others, he said, "And are these my old friend Edward's boys? I hope to make their acquaintance after service, for you must all come and dine at the Rectory. Meanwhile, I must go:" and so saying he passed into the old Church.

When the service was over, our party repaired to the Rectory, where they were kindly welcomed by young Mrs. Leslie, who persuaded Mrs. Stanley to leave Harry with her and her little ones during the afternoon service.

The Rector came in to dinner, and spoke a few kind words to the boys; but he was hurried, having his class to attend to between services. At Edward's request his mother took him to hear it, and so much was he struck with the manner of teaching, the kind smile which rewarded a careful answer, and even the gentle earnestness of the reproof administered to one careless child,

that, before the hour was over, he beg
mother to allow him to join the class c
the holidays.

She promised to speak to Mr. Leslie
when he was at leisure she did so, s
that she feared he would think it h
worth while for so few Sundays, but
it was Edward's wish, and that she w
be very glad to let him have the advan
of receiving instructions which she felt
been so greatly blessed to herself.

"By all means, let him come," said
kindly, "I shall be delighted to have h
even for so short a time. Wait for me, E
ward," he added, "after afternoon servic
and I will speak to you, and point out the le
son I wish you to prepare for next Sunday.

By this time they were joined by the oth
boys, and went into Church. When the
came out, Mrs. Stanley went with Frederic
and William to the Rectory, to call f
Harry; and then they proceeded slowly o
their way homeward, leaving Edward t
speak to Mr. Leslie and follow them. O
coming out of Church Mr. Leslie took Edwar
with him into his study and gave him a cop
of the Catechism which he used with h
class, and showed him the portion he wa
to learn. "The printed answers," he sai
"I wish you to repeat correctly; th
texts that are referred to must be carefull

looked over, or committed to memory if you like; and when no answer is given in the book, you must make one for yourself out of the texts. And as few of the children have the advantage of instruction, such as your mother is able to give you, I wish you to prepare your lesson alone. Will you remember this?"

"I will, sir," answered Edward. "I don't know whether I shall be able to do it very well, but I will do my best, and I will do it alone."

Something in his look and tone pleased Mr. Leslie. He looked at him kindly, and said, "You are indeed very like your father, Edward. I could almost think that thirty years had rolled back, and that he himself was standing beside me again."

"Did you know my father well, sir?" asked Edward, drawing nearer, and looking up in his face.

"Yes, I did know him well, and loved him much. He was baptized by me, and was constantly with me as a child. He and Edward Howard came to me every day, as boys, and I was their only teacher till they went to Eton. Every vacation he spent a great deal of his time at the Rectory, and year by year I had the satisfaction of seeing him growing up a more devoted, humble Christian. His was a noble, gentle

spirit. No thought of self ever seemed to cross his mind. Resolute himself in the right, he judged no one who differed from him. Upright and honourable in all his ways, single-minded and pure in all his thoughts, the occasional fits of self-will and obstinacy which sometimes, as a child, he gave way to, seemed to have passed entirely away; and his will was brought into thorough subjection long before the time when it was so severely tried."

"Please tell me about it," said Edward; "nobody ever spoke to me about him before, and I could not ask mamma."

Mr. Leslie went on: "It had been his earnest wish, from his very boyhood, to be a clergyman; and I always felt that it would be impossible for any boy to give greater promise of being fitted for it. But it was ordered otherwise. Circumstances made it necessary for him to enter the army; and at once, apparently without a struggle, he gave up his long cherished desire; and few ever knew or guessed the pain it cost him. Yet I believe he did as much good in the position in which he was placed as he could have done even as a minister of God. The influence of his example was deeply felt among his comrades; and more than one pleasing testimony has reached me of the lasting impression made upon

m by his consistent and cheerful piety. w earnestly I longed to see him again need hardly say. The time has passed ay; the year in which we hoped to have n again among us has come. His regi- nt has returned; his dearly loved wife returned; but he lies far away in an lian grave. God's will be done!"

The tears stood in Edward's eyes. Mr. lie himself was deeply affected; but he tinued: "And now, Edward, why do think I have told you all this? Was it rely to excite your grief for a father you ver knew? No; but I wished to set his mple as a bright and shining light before . Be you also a follower of him, as he s of the Lord Jesus. Take for the motto your life the words which were often on lips, and which I believe were the last ever spoke: 'Thou shalt guide me with y counsel, and afterward receive me to ry.' (*Ps.* lxxiii. 24.) To be altogether h as he was is the lot of few; to be a voted faithful servant of the Lord Jesus rist was his highest aim—let it be yours o." Then, laying his hand on Edward's d, he added, solemnly, "The God of your her bless you, be merciful unto you, and se His face to shine upon you now and r. Amen."

Edward could not speak; but his manner

showed how deeply he felt the solemnity of this blessing; and, as he hurried away to overtake his mother, he felt more anxious than ever to do right and to please God; and humble and earnest were the prayers which rose from his inmost heart for guidance and strength. Then the words, which he firmly resolved to take as the motto of his life, came into his mind; and he repeated, half aloud, "Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory."

He longed to be alone with his mother, that he might pour out his heart to her, and tell her all he felt and all he desired to be; but when, thoroughly overheated and tired, he came within sight of her, he found her talking earnestly with his cousins, who seemed to be listening with interest and attention. "Now," thought Edward, "the lessons of the day are to be put in practice." The sermon of the afternoon had been upon the words, "Even Christ pleased not Himself." (*Rom.* xv. 3.) And the Saviour's example in this particular had been strongly urged upon the hearers, both in the sermon and at the Catechism class. Edward had resolved to try and follow this blessed example. The account he had heard of his father had strengthened his resolution; and now, without a feeling of discontent, he joined the party, gave little Harry his hand,

as he seemed tired, and contented himself with looking forward to a quiet talk with his mother on reaching home.

After providing the other boys with books suitable to the day and to their age and inclinations, Mrs. Stanley called Edward to show her the Catechism and the lesson he was to prepare. This he soon did, and then opened his heart to her, telling her how ardently he longed to be like his own dear papa, and how Mr. Leslie had talked to him and blessed him, and made his spirit burn within him. Mrs. Stanley also had been thinking much of old times all this day. She, too, felt how very much her boy's appearance resembled his father's at the same age, when he, her brother, and herself, had been almost inseparable companions; and she had longed, almost as much as Edward had done, for a quiet time alone with him; for she had resolved to break the spell which had hitherto bound her, and to speak freely to him of the father he had lost.

Long and earnestly they now conversed, and many incidents she related to him, and many traits she described, all serving to prove how true a character Mr. Leslie had drawn; and as Edward listened he was covered with shame, for he felt how different that character was from his own.

Mrs. Stanley admitted, that as a child his

father had been occasionally self-willed, obstinate, and even passionate; but she told him how, day by day, these evils had been steadily resisted, and at last subdued.

This gave Edward comfort, for he knew his own faults to be of the same character, and he trusted that, in time, he also might by God's grace subdue them. He longed to be a comfort to his mother, for he now felt, more keenly than ever, what a loss she had sustained, and what an effort it must often have been to her to maintain her gentle cheerfulness of spirits under so heavy an affliction. But she too had been taught to say, "God's will be done;" and she told Edward that he was now her greatest earthly blessing and joy; and that for his sake she could wait patiently on earth, without longing too ardently for her reunion with her beloved husband in heaven.

They were interrupted by a summons to tea; and calm and peaceful, though with subdued spirits, Edward rejoined his cousins in the drawing-room. Harry, being tired, had fallen asleep; Frederick and William had been quarrelling over some trifle, and the interruption caused by tea had fortunately prevented the former from flying into one of those "dreadful passions" which Edward had mentioned to his mother.

After tea Mrs. Stanley proposed, that as

lerick and William had the same holiday-
: as Edward—to make a list of the mira-
—they should commence it at once ;
she would show them how she thought
r might best classify them.
[aving nothing better to occupy them,
boys agreed. Edward, without waiting
ɔe asked, ran for the Bibles, and Mrs.
ıley suggested that they should arrange
miracles in classes according to the kind
ɔbject on which our Lord exerted his
er. Accordingly, they put down the
ɔwing heads:—

ACLES SHOWING OUR SAVIOUR'S POWER OVER

I. Inanimate objects.
1. Water.
2. Common articles of food.
3. The fig-tree.

[I. Irrational animals.
The fishes of the sea.

[I. Diseases and infirmities.
1. Fever.
2. Palsy.
3. Leprosy.
4. Dropsy.
5. The withered hand.
6. Lameness.

7. Blindness.
8. Deafness.
9. Dumbness.
10. The issue of blood.
11. The wounded ear.

IV. The Devils.

V. Death.

When they had thus arranged the sch of their task, nothing remained but to out, and place under each head, the sev instances mentioned in the Gospels. this time, to the astonishment of the b the evening had passed away, and Stanley was pleased to see how much terest they had taken in their work.

CHAPTER VII.

"Two worlds are ours: 'tis only sin
Forbids us to descry
The mystic heaven and earth within,
Plain as the earth and sky.

"Thou who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere."

EXT morning, when Edward awoke, he very ill. His head ached, he had a sore at, and when he attempted to rise he so giddy that he was obliged to lie down n. He had in fact caught cold from ng over-heated himself the day before inning to overtake his mother, and hav- then walked slowly home through the shade of the wood. When Mrs. Stanley e to look for him, at the time of their ing reading, she found him very un- , and desired him to remain in bed. n she returned after breakfast, he said though his head ached very much he ld like her to read over to him the dif-

ferent miracles they had read and studied together, and this she very readily did.

Edward was kept in bed all day; but towards evening his mother was thankful to see that he was really better, and she hoped that next day he would be quite well; and indeed so it proved, for next morning the headache and sore throat were gone, though he still felt a little languid and weary from the effects of the pain and illness of the preceding day.

After breakfast he joined his mother in her room, and they read the story of the blind man at Bethsaida, in the eighth chapter of St. Mark. After he had finished reading, Mrs. Stanley said, "There is a good deal that is remarkable in this miracle. Can you tell me any difference between it and every other recorded cure of blindness?"

Edward.—"Do you mean that the man saw indistinctly at first, and afterwards clearly?"

Mrs. S.—"Yes, that is one difference; another is, that this man was brought to Jesus, and that help was asked for him by others. Now tell me what was the first thing our Saviour did?"

Edward.—"He took him by the hand and led him out of the town. Why did he do that, mamma?"

Mrs. S.—"That the man might be free from

all distraction, and that the first object on which his opened eye should rest might be his gracious deliverer. Also, as you said, he did not at first see clearly; it required another touch of those wonder-working hands to give him a clear perception of what he saw; and then, all being over, the Saviour sent him to his house, not to dissipate his feelings in words, but in the quietness of his own home to consider 'how great things' had been done for him. Now this whole story seems to be a very beautiful type of the manner in which the Lord often vouchsafes to open the spiritual eyes of men. What was the first thing we noticed about this miracle?"

Edward.—"That his friends brought him and prayed for him."

Mrs. S.—"Yes; and it is often in answer o the prayers of loving friends that the ore wonderful cure of which we are speak- g is wrought. But what did you say our viour first did?"

Edward.—"He led him out of the town. w do you interpret that, mamma?"

Mrs. S.—"God often 'leads us out of the n,' 'takes us aside from the multitude,' n He wishes to teach us heavenly les- . By severe illness, by sorrow, by the ness of others, or by breaking in upon rdinary occupations in some other way,

He takes us by the hand and leads us
as He led this blind man, and opens ou
to see what was hidden from them bef

Edward.—"And, mamma, He teach
by little and little; and this is like the
seeing indistinctly at first and after
clearly."

Mrs. S.—"Quite right, Edward. I t
you can tell by your own experience
this is so."

Edward.—"I think the whole sto
like what He has done to me. Coming
school to be quiet here with you is like
taken aside from the multitude."

Mrs. S.—"Yes, Edward, it is: and
is another resemblance; for many and ea
were the prayers offered up for you, bo
your father and myself; and I believe
in heaven he now joins with me in gra
thanks that our prayers have been
and answered. But now I wish you t
that the cure of blindness is a correct r
sentation of the change wrought by the
Spirit in the heart. The blind man
through the world, insensible to the b
on every side of him. The bright sun
and lovely landscape are the same to
as the darkness of night, or a bleak
As truly, and indeed far more truly,
we be said to be blind, so long as the n
of God remains unknown and unfelt

ons in such a frame of mind are de-
ed by St. Paul as 'having the under-
ding darkened, being alienated from
ife of God through the ignorance that
them, because of the blindness of their
.' (*Eph.* iv. 18.) But those whose
have been opened by the Holy Spirit
verything in a new light, for His smile
tens every event of their life. Can
ell me some of the things to which we
lind till our eyes have been opened by
?"

lward.—"Yes, I think I can. We do
now how good we ought to be, and how
we are; nor do we know how very
iful God has been to us, and how ready
s to forgive us for Christ's sake."

rs. S.—"And even after we have learned
his, there is more for us to learn, before
an be said to see clearly. Another les-
ou had to learn by bitter experience."

lward replied, looking down, "I know
you mean—that our hearts are weak
wicked, and that in God only we have
gth."

S.—"That is what I mean; and may
by day graciously open your eyes
uths and new mercies. Let your
prayer be, 'Open Thou mine eyes,
behold wondrous things out of
(*Ps.* cxix. 18.)

The remainder of that day passed qu
away. Edward was not strong enoug
much exertion, but very much enjoyed a
with his mother and Harry. How the
boys had amused themselves during
two days he could not learn. They
that they had had very good fun ; but
they did not care for cricket, or bows
arrows without him—and this was all
would say.

Edward wondered a little at their sil
but soon forgot all about it, and hope
be able to join them on the next day.

CHAPTER VIII.

"My child, the counsels high attend
Of thine Eternal Friend.
When longings pure, when holy prayers,
When self-denying thoughts and cares,
Room in thine heart would win,
Stay not too long to count them o'er,
Rise in His Name, throw wide the door—
Let the good angels in."

On Wednesday morning Edward rose at his usual hour and went to his mother. She proposed that they should pursue the same subject as on the day before, by examining some of the other cures of blindness recorded in the Gospels. Edward found two in St. Matthew (ix. 27, and xx. 30); and in turning over the pages between these two, he accidentally came upon the account of a dumb and blind devil being cast out, after which, he read, "the blind and dumb both spake and saw." (*Matt.* xii. 22.) He then turned to St. Mark, where, besides the story he had read the day before, he found the account of blind Bartimeus near Jericho.

(*Mark* x. 46.) He remembered that on
the miracles mentioned by St. Matthew t
place near Jericho, and though St. Matt
mentioned two blind beggars and St. M
but one, still he thought it might be
same miracle related by both; and whe
found in St. Luke (xviii. 35), the accour
another blind beggar near Jericho, he ea
made up his mind that all three Evange
were relating the same story. The only tl
that puzzled him was that St. Matthew
St. Mark spoke of the miracle taking p
as Jesus left the city, and St. Luke a
entered it;—Edward determined on
point to consult his mother. After lool
through St. John, and finding only one c
that of the man blind from his birth (J
ix.), he came to his mother to tell hei
difficulty about blind Bartimeus. She
she thought with him, that all three E
gelists referred to one event, and tha
Mark and St. Luke spoke only of the r
important and best known of the suffe
while St. Matthew mentioned them both.
to the time when the miracle took place
said it was a matter of little moment,
that such slight differences in the acco
of the different Evangelists, when they a
in all greater matters, are in fact a g
proof of their veracity, as showing that t
had not consulted together as to what t

should say, but that each had written his own story according to his own recollections.

As their time was nearly spent, Mrs. Stanley and Edward contented themselves with reading over all the different miracles which Edward had found; then she bade him notice the unwearied love and kindness of our blessed Saviour, who was always ready to succour the afflicted, to condescend to men of low estate, to sympathise with and comfort all who came to him in any sorrow or distress; and then Edward remembered what he had learned on Sunday, how Christ "pleased not Himself;" and he hoped that he should always remember to be unselfish and kind, thinking more of the pleasure of others than of his own.

After breakfast he went to his lessons, but on examining he found that if in future he did half his usual daily portion, he would finish his task in good time. Pleased at this he soon finished his work and joined the other boys; and the two days of quietness made him doubly enjoy his liberty. It was a beautiful day, but it was neither this nor his play, though he entered heartily into it, nor even the being at home with his own mother, that was the secret of his greatest joy. It was the consciousness of his heavenly Father's smile, and the constant lifting up of his heart to Him in grate-

ful love that made him so truly happy; and Edward this day fully realised the truth of the psalmist's words, "A joyful and pleasant thing it is to be thankful." (*Ps.* cxlvii. 1. Prayer-Book Version.)

That evening the boys were playing at hide and seek. Frederick was lost, and the others were looking for him everywhere. In the course of their search William flew through the garden, and Edward after him, both quite forgetting how anxious Mrs. Stanley was that the garden gates should be kept constantly shut, to keep out stray sheep. When Frederick was found, the boys went home together, and the circumstance quite escaped Edward's memory.

Next morning Mrs. Stanley was not quite well, and Edward therefore read alone. After he had finished his morning lessons, just as he and his cousins were going out, Mrs. Stanley, who was better and had risen, called them and said, "Where were you playing last night, boys? In the garden or in the meadow?"

"We were playing at cricket in the meadow," replied Frederick, "we were not in the garden at all." And the other boys having merely passed through the garden, did not recollect anything about it.

"Very well, my dears," she said, "go to your play."

As they left the house they were met by Sandy, who exclaimed, "O master Edward, who could have left the garden gate open? The sheep have come in in the night, and have done such mischief."

Poor Edward! These words instantly reminded him of their carelessness the evening before. "I am afraid I did, Sandy," he said. "Don't you remember Willie, we ran through the garden the last thing last night? and I remember now that I left both the gates open;" and Edward looked very unhappy.

"Well," exclaimed Frederick, "how lucky that I answered for us all; and now my aunt need never know that you had anything to do with it."

"And I will never tell," said Sandy, wishing to comfort Edward; "so cheer up, Master Edward, for I dare say there is not much harm done after all, only my mistress looked vexed like when I told her."

All this time Edward stood quite still, but you must not imagine that he did not mean to tell; of that he was resolved, and he was only thinking how sorry he was that he had not remembered his fault when Frederick spoke, as it might now seem that he had been silent on purpose. "But I must tell the plain truth," thought he, "and I am sure mamma will believe me;" and he turned towards the house.

"You are not going to tell about yourself, are you?" exclaimed both the other boys at once.

"To be sure I am," answered Edward; "I am much obliged to you all, but I cannot deceive mamma;" and so saying he went on at once.

At first the others felt inclined to laugh; but something in Edward's gentle yet resolute manner made them respect him in spite of themselves.

Sandy spoke first; "Well there goes a real gentleman," he said, "he makes me ashamed of myself, he does."

"He is very much changed; don't you think so, Fred?" said Willie.

Frederick.—"In some ways I think he is. He is much more obliging, and he is never obstinate in his old way, and yet he has plenty of spirit left too. I don't quite understand him; but come, let us go to the meadow and he will follow."

It did not occur to William that he had been to blame too. If he had had Edward's tender conscience, he would have gone with him to Mrs. Stanley, to confess his share in the fault. But Edward was not thinking of his cousin's fault, he thought only of this—that he had gone through the gate last, and ought to have shut it.

He went straight to his mother, and she

could not but believe him, when he said that he had entirely forgotten having been in the garden at all, till Sandy spoke of the gate having been left open; and he told her how sorry he was that mischief had been done.

She gently blamed his thoughtlessness, and hoped he would be more careful in future; then she kindly kissed him, and bade him go and play with his cousins, saying that she would think no more about it.

Edward accordingly joined the others and played very happily. No more was said; but Edward resolved not to leave the gate open again, and to see that it was shut, if he was not the last himself.

CHAPTER IX.

"The saints above are stars in heaven,
What are the saints on earth?
Like trees they stand whom God has given,
Our Eden's happy birth.

"Faith is their fix'd unswerving root,
Hope their unfading flower,
Fair deeds of charity their fruit,
The glory of their bower."

NEXT morning as Edward entered his mother's room, he said joyfully, "Mamma, this is the day that uncle and aunt Howard come back; I'm so glad."

Mrs. S.—"I am very glad too, Edward, and we must try and persuade them to remain with us for some time; but come now and let us read, my dear. I should like you to take the account of the blind man, in the ninth chapter of St. John."

Edward.—"We read that chapter the other day, mamma."

Mrs. S.—"Yes, but we did not stop to consider it as we shall do to-day. It is full of instruction."

Edward came at once and read the chap-
er; then Mrs. Stanley said, "If you look
t the end of the preceding chapter, you
vill be able to tell me what had taken
lace immediately before this miracle was
rought."

Edward looked and said, "The Jews were
oing to stone our Lord, and He hid Himself
nd escaped."

Mrs. S.—"Well, does not this give us
grand idea of His calmness in the midst of
His enemies? He had hardly escaped the
tones of the Jews, when He stopped to per-
orm this work of mercy on the blind man,
nd indeed this seems to explain the fourth
erse of the chapter. Read it, Edward."

Edward read it and said, "Yes, I under-
tand. If the Jews were so angry, they
vould soon wish to kill Him, and then the
ight would have come. Jesus then goes on
o call Himself the Light of the world."

Mrs. S.—"He seems to wish us to un-
lerstand the symbolical nature of many of
His works, calling Himself the Light of the
vorld, just before giving sight to a blind
nan. Now tell me how He performed the
ure."

Edward.—"He anointed the blind man's
yes with clay which He had made with His
pittle, and then bade him go and wash in
he pool of Siloam."

Mrs. S.—"And did the man go?"

Edward.—"Yes."

Mrs. S.—"Then what was his instant obedience a proof of?"

Edward.—"I don't know. I don't quite understand."

Mrs. S.—"Would he have gone if he had not believed that he was to gain something by it?"

Edward.—"No, I don't think he would: it was a proof that he believed."

Mrs. S.—"And what was the result?"

Edward.—"He went and washed, and came seeing; and then his neighbours were much astonished, and after questioning him themselves, they brought him to the Pharisees."

Mrs. S.—"And to them also he related the manner of his cure."

Edward.—"And then there was a division among the Pharisees, for some said it was wrong to have cured him on the Sabbath day, and others said that a sinner could not have performed such a miracle; and then they asked the man himself what he thought of Him."

Mrs. S.—"And what did the man say?"

Edward.—"He is a prophet."

Mrs. S.—"How did the Pharisees next try to get out of the difficulty, since they did not wish to acknowledge the divine mission of our Lord?"

Edward.—"They said they did not be-

lieve he had been blind, so they sent for his parents."

Mrs. S.—"They doubtless wished them to deny that he had been blind. This his parents would not do; they would not tell a direct falsehood, and yet they acted in a cowardly spirit, trying to get out of the difficulty themselves, and leave their son to his fate. They affirmed indeed that he was their son, and that he had been born blind, but protested their ignorance as to the manner of his cure, and ended by saying, 'He is of age; ask him: he shall speak for himself;' we are then told what was the penalty threatened against any who should confess that Jesus was Christ."

Edward.—"They were to be put out of the synagogue."

Mrs. S.—"This was a most severe punishment. In its mildest form it was exclusion from the synagogue for thirty days: if no sign of repentance was shown, this punishment was repeated or increased, and none might hold any communication with the culprit—if still impenitent, he was at last absolutely cut off from the fellowship of the people of God. You must keep in mind that this peril was hanging over the head of the man who had been blind, when he acknowledged his healer to be a prophet, and also afterwards, when he still more boldly exclaimed,

'If this man were not of God, he could do nothing.'"

Edward.—"Is it not very curious, that the man should say this so soon after he had said, quite doubtfully, 'Whether he be a sinner or no, I know not: one thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see?'"

Mrs. S.—"His faith, knowledge, and courage had indeed grown in a most remarkable manner during this examination. You see that from the first he boldly stood to the truth in spite of the authority of his inquisitors, and in spite of their evident desire that he should turn against his benefactor; and his steadiness was rewarded by clearer views, and by strength to speak even more bravely. You remember our Saviour's own promise, 'If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God, or whether I speak of Myself;' and afterwards our Saviour deigned to manifest Himself even more clearly to this man."

Edward.—"Yes, for after the Pharisees had cast him out, Jesus found him and asked him, 'Dost thou believe on the Son of God?' and then told him that He was the Son of God; upon which the man worshipped Him."

Mrs. S.—"As the man profited by the *light that* was given him, he received *more: he* believed in his healer as a pro-

phet and one sent from God, and so it was made known to him that He was indeed the Son of God. But the point I particularly wish you to attend to is this—the blind man's fearlessness of the opinions of others. What might be said of him, or even what might be done to him, never troubled him for a moment. He did not swerve from his course of uprightness from any such considerations. How different was this from the conduct of many of the chief rulers, who though they believed in Christ did not confess Him, lest they should be put out of the synagogue; and now see what was the cause of this: you will find what I mean in the twelfth chapter of St. John."

Edward.—"'For they loved the praise of men more than the praise of God.'"

Mrs. S.—"This may often be a great snare to you, my dear boy—especially among your companions and school-fellows: you may often be tempted to give up what you know to be right, and to do what your conscience tells you is wrong, simply because you are afraid of the laugh or the sneer which may be the consequence of steadiness and obedience. But in such cases, remember that to give way is to love 'the praise of men more than the praise of God.' Stop at once, and ask for strength to resist the temptation."

"I will, mamma, indeed I will," answer Edward eagerly; and as he spoke he reme bered with pleasure, not unmingled wi pride, how he had the day before resist the advice of his cousins, and had been b enough to speak the truth.

Edward you see was not perfect; and l ing new to the work of conquering his w he had yet to learn, that one victory is n enough to subdue evil, but that we must on patiently, striving and praying till t end come.

That afternoon Captain and Mrs. How returned, and there was great joy on sides. After the first salutations were ov and the news of the travellers had been d cussed, Captain Howard turned to his b and said, "Well, I hope I am to have a g report of you; but I suppose I must your aunt about that."

Mrs. Stanley hastened to assure him their good behaviour and obedience dur the whole time of his absence. Edward ticed that Frederick and William looked each other, and changed colour while th aunt spoke; but the subject dropped, and thought no more about it. Nothing said that evening about the excursion in boat; but, as his mother had promised, l ward knew that she would not forget and he looked forward with much pleas to the amusement.

CHAPTER X.

"Keep thou the one true way
In work and play."

NEXT morning, when Edward came to his mother, she said to him, "Have you remembered the lesson you were to prepare for Mr. Leslie?"

Edward started, and said, "Indeed I have not, I quite forgot it; what am I to do?"

Mrs. S.—"That is a great pity indeed, Edward. I trusted entirely to you, and I am sorry you forgot it. You had better bring it now, and work at it till breakfast time"

Edward brought his books, and worked very steadily, but when the prayer-bell rang only the fourth part of his work was done.

"What shall I do?" he said, sadly.

"Why, Edward," answered his mother, "I see but two things you can do; you must either tell Mr. Leslie that you forgot it, and

that when reminded
give up your amuseme
But here Edward in
mamma, I cannot do
the evening, it will tak
and a half."

Mrs. S.—" I advise
thing after breakfast,
play. Your uncle and
me to spend the foren
with Mrs. Graham.
Harry with us, and the
alone till you are ready
first, and pleasure after
will enjoy your play t
finished your work first
done too." So saying
Edward determined to

Accordingly, after br
own room and set to w
were not long in follo
stupid they thought hi
what he was doing. "
enough of it while th
theirs," said Willie.

"Or," said Frederic
his head, "I will help
be done."

This offer Edward
fully; and then they as
would be.

"About an hour and a half," said Ed-
ard, sorrowfully.

Here Willie whispered something to his
:other, who nodded and said, "Well, Ed-
ard, if you will not come we must go with-
ıt you:" and they left the room.

Edward asked where he should find them,
ıd Frederick replied, "O! in the meadow
: somewhere—you will easily find us:" and
ıey ran off as if they had some scheme of
nusement for themselves.

Edward sat down again to his lesson, but
is mind wandered and he made little pro-
:ess; half an hour passed, and his work
as hardly begun. He was in fact thinking
ɔw brightly the sun was shining, how glad
ɜ should be to get out, and how firm he had
ɜen in refusing to go; and then he began
ondering where his cousins were, and so the
me wore on. "This is nonsense," he said
ı himself at last, and he determined to be
eady and finish his task; but on looking
; the clock, and seeing that three quarters
' an hour had passed, he lost heart alto-
ɜther. He thought he should never finish
, if he sat on then: he was tired of it, and
he went to play he should set to it again
ıite fresh afterwards; and in short he
ıut up his books, and, with a mind ill at
ıse, ran out to look for his cousins. We
ıall soon see the evil which arose from this

small beginning. He did not find them in the meadow, so he wandered along the side of the river; then he got on the steep bank overhanging the lake, and, as he came to the forbidden walk, he thought he might just go along it a little way; it was just possible that they might have forgotten and gone down that way, and he could not find them anywhere else. On he went, meaning every moment to turn. Conscience whispered to him that he was doing wrong; but he had refused to listen before leaving the house, and the voice of conscience, when disregarded, grows feebler and feebler, till it ceases to be heard at all.

At length he heard his cousins. That was Fred's voice he was sure, and Willie's merry laugh. Where could they be? A moment more, another turn of the rocky path and there they were—Edward could hardly believe his eyes—in the boat in the middle of the lake. At the sight of Edward, they gave a shout. "So," cried Frederick, "you have come to join us, come along."

"Is your lesson done?" said Willie, "how quick you have been!" and Edward's conscience again reproached him.

"I have not come to join you," he said; "how could I guess what you were doing? O Frederick, don't you remember we were forbidden to take the boat?"

'rederick answered by asking, in so
d an imitation of Edward's tone of hor-
as to make William laugh heartily, "O
ward, don't you remember we were for-
den to come down that walk?"
By this time they had reached the shore,
. Frederick held out his hand, saying,
ome along, Edward, don't be a fool, come
. have some fun."
But Edward was too unhappy to think of
. They had been very disobedient; but
had been disobedient too, and to his own
r mother. All he wished was to get them
ome away, and leave the boat and the for-
den walk as soon as possible.
Yet, although he had no desire to enter
boat, and consequently resisted no temp-
on in refusing to do so, a flash of pride
sed through his mind as he felt that he
. at any rate stood firm on that point.
began earnestly to urge Frederick to
ie out of the boat. Frederick still re-
sd. "I know what will happen," he said,
ou will go and confess to your mamma,"
. Frederick laughed as he spoke, "and she
l tell papa about us, and we shall all be
s scrape together; and if I am to be in a
ape, I would rather have some fun first,
good-bye. Come, Willie, take your oar."
Although Edward prided himself on his
n firmness, yet he did not like Frederick's

tone or his laugh; and besides, he wished so much to get his cousins to come away, that he hastily exclaimed, "I will not tell mamma, Fred, indeed I won't, if you will only come away at once."

"Mind then," answered Frederick, "you've promised not to say anything to anybody about any of us having been down here this forenoon;" and so saying, he skilfully shot the little skiff into the boat-house, and, bidding Willie put things to rights, and be sure to lock the door, he took Edward's arm; and the two boys proceeded up the path together. They chatted and laughed, but neither of them was quite at ease; Edward especially was very uncomfortable. He wished he had not made so rash a promise; but he talked on and gave himself no time to think.

Frederick told him that they had intended to leave the boat in time to be in the meadow when Edward's work should be done, that he might not know where they had been; and Edward felt, with a pang, that if he had only taken his mother's advice and done his "duty first," he might have escaped an act of disobedience, and might have spent the rest of the day pleasantly, without the weight of a secret on his mind.

It was some time before William joined them, and when he came, he was full of an

escape he had made—he had very nearly been seen by Sandy as he came up from the boat-house, and he was quite proud of having evaded observation by climbing into a thick tree.

After playing the whole forenoon, the boys went home for something to eat; and then Frederick desired William to hang up the key of the boat-house.

"O, I forgot to tell you," answered the heedless boy, "that I could not find the key: I thought you must have taken it away in your pocket, Fred."

Frederick raged and stormed, but that was of no use. He searched all his pockets, but no key was there. They wandered back to the meadow, but they had been running about so much, playing leap-frog, tumbling head over heels, and climbing trees, that it was impossible to say when or where the key had fallen out of his pocket. William was sure it was not in the boat-house door, nor anywhere about there; he had searched very carefully, and the boys were in despair. Then Frederick blamed Edward: if he had not come and disturbed them—if he had only stayed at his lessons—this misfortune would never have happened. The key never had been lost before. The partial truth of this made Edward the more angry, and he retorted that he had never thought of going

near the boat, and that if Frederick had never touched the key it would never have been lost.

So they quarrelled and sullenly turned away from each other; and Edward, thoroughly miserable, resolved to go down the forbidden walk once more, and see if he could find the key.

He went accordingly; and looking into the boat-house, saw the reel of Frederick's rod lying under one of the seats of the boat; he stepped in, and to his delight found the lost key lying beside it, where Frederick had laid them both on first entering the boat. Edward picked them up hastily, jumped out of the boat, locked the boat-house, and set off at a quick pace up the path. He thought that the joyful surprise would easily appease Frederick, and that if he could finish his lesson before his mamma returned, all would be right. So he ran whistling up the path.

In the meantime his mother, uncle, and aunt, had paid their visit, and were returning home. As they got near the house, Mrs. Stanley told her brother about the boat, and how she had forbidden the boys to use it, and had promised to ask him to take them out in it on his return. He was delighted with the project, and was pleased to hear that they had not disobeyed her orders; at which, indeed, he was rather surprised, as they were

not always strictly obedient, and such a boat as she described would be a great temptation to them.

On reaching the house he said he would take a step down and look at the boat; and Mrs. Stanley directed him where to find the key, but no key was there. "This is very extraordinary," she said; "I cannot think who can have touched it."

She turned to the servant. He knew nothing about it, but thought it had been there in the morning, when he had lifted down the hats and cloaks from beside the pin where it usually hung.

At this moment Edward, still whistling merrily, entered the hall with the identical key in his hand. At sight of his mother he started and coloured, and then stood motionless.

"Edward!" she exclaimed, "is it possible? Where have you been?"

"At the boat-house," answered Edward, in a low voice.

"Have you been in the boat?"

Edward at first was about to say "No," but remembering that he had stepped in for the key, he answered, "Yes;" but this momentary hesitation grieved his mother deeply, as it gave him exactly the appearance of considering whether he should speak the truth or no.

Captain Howard, who had been standing by listening without speaking, now asked Edward, sternly, "Were you alone, sir?"

Edward.—"Yes."

Captain H.—"Where are the others?"

Thankful to be able to answer openly, Edward said, "I don't know where they are."

Mrs. S.—"Were they not down with you then? Did you really go alone? What could induce you to be so naughty, Edward?"

Edward remembered his unfortunate promise and remained silent.

Mrs. S.—"Were you ever down before?"

No answer from Edward, who hung his head, and partly from shame, partly from a determination not to commit himself and betray his cousins, looked very sullen and obstinate.

Captain Howard looked at him for a minute, and then in a low voice, said to his sister, "He is in one of his obstinate fits; I have seen him in them before. If he were still under my charge I should give him a good whipping; it is the only way to bring him out of them."

Mrs. Stanley again spoke to Edward, but no answer would he give; he would neither tell what had tempted him to go down, nor whether he had ever been there be-

re. Mrs. Stanley led him away to his own om.

"Edward," she said, very sorrowfully, "I ıall leave you alone for half an hour. Pray ı God, my dear boy, to give you strength ı overcome this wicked, sullen temper; and hatever you have done, remember that ›nfession is the only reparation you can ake."

Edward wept bitterly, but said nothing; ıd his mother, quite disappointed, left the ›om. Then the poor boy, feeling his heart ke to break, threw himself on his bed, and ıried his face in the pillow. After a time is tears relieved him; he grew more calm ıd began to think over all the events of ıe day. He now felt how wrong he had een from the first—he had been again usting in his own strength and had fallen. gain and again had he refused to listen to ıe pleadings of his conscience whilst leav-ıg his lesson, and whilst going down to the oat-house; and he now felt with shame ıat he had made that rash promise because 'rederick had laughed at him. He saw how ır one false step may lead us astray, and e humbly confessed before God how wilful nd proud and disobedient he had been; nd it is impossible to describe how much .e was soothed by this earnest prayer, and ıy the recollection of the never-failing nercy *of God* through Jesus Christ.

Then he began to consider what he was to do. To break his promise and betray his cousins was impossible; and yet he saw much suffering in store for himself if he persisted in remaining silent. He was a brave boy, but yet his heart sank at the thought of the severe punishment which he knew awaited him, and still more at the continued and sorrowful displeasure of his dear mother. Here, however, a ray of hope shot through his mind. When Frederick came home, he would be sure to release him so far from his promise as to allow him to tell the whole truth to his own mother, and so her displeasure would, he hoped, be over in a short time; for he knew that when he confessed all, and told her how sorry he was, she would forgive him. He knew he deserved to be punished, though not so much as his mother and his uncle believed; so he resolved to submit patiently; and he felt much comfort from the thought that God knew all the truth, and knew that he had repented, and was not obstinate though he could not speak out.

Edward had by his own fault entangled himself in a false position, and it was not easy to see what was the right thing for him to do next; but we must give him credit for resolving on so painful a course, because he thought it was the best which now remained to him.

He was still lying on the bed with his
ce hid, when his mother returned. He
lt that if he looked up and again saw her
rrowful eyes fixed upon him, his resolution
ɔuld fail, and his promise be broken. He
erefore lay quite still, and neither looked
ı nor spoke. When she again tenderly
ged him to confess, he felt more and more
clined to cry again; but he kept down his
ırs, forced back his sobs, and remained
ɔtionless as before. She was both grieved
.d astonished at his conduct; and as she
ıitted his side, she said still more sadly,
Well, Edward, there is but one course left
r me;" and she turned and went down
ıirs.

Presently Edward heard his uncle call
m, and he rose directly and went to his
.cle's room.

"Edward," he said, "do you know why I
.ve called you?"

"Yes," answered Edward, in a low voice.

His uncle took him by the hand, and said
him, more kindly than usual, "And
ıy, my dear boy, will you be so obstinate,
.d give so much pain to your mother, to
urself, and to me?" As he looked at Ed-
ırd he saw his lip quiver, and one tear
ther under his trembling eyelid, and he
ɔnt on: "Your mother is my only sister,
ur *father* was one of my earliest and

dearest friends, and I have loved you, Edward, as if you were my own boy; and it grieves me very much to see you so obstinate, and to be obliged to punish you. I believe you will think better of it still. I will give you five minutes more to make up your mind;"—and as he spoke he laid his watch on the table.

Edward neither spoke nor moved. How much he longed to tell all! but his promise, his fatal promise, prevented him. The one tear fell, but no second followed it: he stood with his eyes fixed on the hand of the watch, listening to its ticking so intently that it seemed to him as if the beating of his own heart were as loud and distinct. On and on moved the hand; the last moment is come—is gone—and Captain Howard, lifting the watch from the table, said sternly to Edward, "Come, sir, the time of grace is past:"—but at that moment the door burst open, and in rushed Frederick, panting and breathless.

After Edward left the others, Frederick had commenced storming at Willie; Willie retorted, and an angry quarrel ensued. At length they saw that this was doing no good, and proceeded together to search Frederick's pockets for the key; and, as this was of course unsuccessful, they turned to the meadow, and thence to the wood, going over

as far as they could remember, the
l where they had been playing in the
ıg. Weary, and out of spirits, they
gth returned to the meadow and lay
to rest, expecting Edward to come
After some time Frederick's anger
mpletely cooled; and taking a more
.ew of the case now than when he
a passion, he felt that he had himself
ıt this trouble on them all, for neither
: others would have thought again
the boat if he had not first suggested
Villiam.
ıing to him, he now said, "I am going
: for Edward, but you can stay here
ı come back;" and, rising from the
l, he left William lying half asleep
he grass, and proceeded slowly towards
ıse.
ıntering the hall he met his aunt: he
ıt notice, at the time, how sorrowful
ıked, but exclaimed, "Where can Ed-
ıe? have you seen him, aunt?"
ı you not know where he has been?"
ted quietly.
ı, not at all;" answered the boy, "he
a long while ago."
am afraid," said Mrs. Stanley, "he
ɜn a very naughty boy: he is in your
s room. Perhaps you can tell me

what induced him to go to the boat-house, and ——"

But before she could finish her sentence, Frederick's eye had caught sight of the key, hanging up in its usual place. In a moment he comprehended the whole: "Edward has been caught with the key," he thought, "and his promise has prevented him from clearing himself;" and shocked at the idea of Edward suffering for his fault, he exclaimed, "It is not his fault, indeed it is not;" and flew to his father's room, when, rushing in as we have seen, panting and breathless, he cried out, "Don't punish Edward, papa, it was all my fault; pray listen to me." Then, hardly stopping to take breath, he made a full confession, beginning, much to Edward's surprise, with relating that the whole of Monday and Tuesday had been spent by him and William in the boat, and that this morning they had meant to take a row in her till Edward should come out; and Edward felt a new pang of shame, when Frederick added, "We thought we were safe from being found out; for we never imagined he would come down that walk to look for us." He then told of the promise he had exacted from Edward, of the loss of the key, and how he supposed Edward had gone again to look for it, and

had found it. When Frederick spoke of Edward's promise, Edward slipped up to his mother, who had followed her nephew into the room, and whispered, "That was why I could not speak. O, mamma, will you forgive me for being so disobedient to you?" She kissed him, and whispered, "God bless you, my own son." His uncle held out his hand to him, and said, "Shake hands, Edward, you are a noble little fellow."

Frederick having finished his confession, stood with his eyes fixed on the ground. His father now turned to him, and desired him to go and fetch William.

Edward looked up in his face, "Please don't be angry with them, dear uncle;" he said, "it was to save me that Fred told about it."

Mrs. Stanley here came forward, and said, "I also beg you not to be angry with them. Indeed I feel very grateful to Frederick for so generously confessing all his own fault, and clearing Edward."

"He could not have done otherwise," answered Captain Howard; "they certainly deserve to be severely punished, but as you ask it I will let them off easy."

As he finished speaking the boys came in, both looking frightened and unhappy.

"*Well, boys,*" said their father, "what do *you think* you deserve for such conduct?"

The boys hung their heads, but made no answer. "I am sure you ought to be very thankful, Fred," continued Captain Howard, "that you were in time to save Edward from the consequences of your fault. Your aunt has begged that I will let you off this time, and I am willing to do so at her request. One thing, however, I must say: I will not take you with me in the boat, as she so kindly proposed. That day's amusement you must lose: if Edward likes, I will take him alone, as he was not out in her with you."

But Edward eagerly said that he should not like to go alone, and begged that his uncle would recal what he had said: but Captain Howard was inexorable; and even Mrs. Stanley did not interfere, as she felt it was but just and right that this pleasure should be forfeited.

The boys all went off together, greatly relieved that the whole thing was over. Edward expressed his warm gratitude to Frederick, and told him what his mother had said. Frederick's answer was: "How could I help it, Edward? I could not let you be whipped for my fault; and, besides, you may thank yourself; for your own courage, both now and about the garden-gate, would have shamed me into speaking. *I wish I* were more like you, Edward."

Edward was too deeply humbled by the

vents of the day to be elated with this raise. He merely answered: "O, don't wish) be like me, Fred, I am so bad myself. f we could both be more like what our aviour was!" he added, solemnly, "that is hat we should try to be."

Frederick made no answer, and they went ›gether to Edward's room. Edward began) work at his Catechism, and Frederick, ›eing the table covered with school-books, ıought he might as well work a little at is holiday task; and so they remained very uiet and very busy till near dinner-time.

That day's adventures were not soon for-›tten either by Edward or by Frederick. he latter had, for the first time, experienced ıe pleasure attendant upon a full and vo-ıntary confession of a fault; and I am appy to tell you that it was the beginning f a new habit, and that after that day he ever made use of unfair tricks to conceal is faults.

CHAPTER XI.

"Even so, in hope and trembling
Should watchful shepherd view
His little lambs assembling,
With glance both kind and true;
'Tis not the eye of keenest blaze,
Nor the quick-swelling breast,
That soonest thrills at touch of praise—
These do not please him best.

"But voices low and gentle,
And timid glances shy,
That seem for aid parental
To sue all wistfully,
Still pressing, longing to be right,
Yet fearing to be wrong—
In these the Pastor dares delight,
A lamb-like, Christ-like throng."

NEXT morning was Sunday, and as Edward rose he felt very happy at the thought that it was so. When he went to his mother's room, he took his Catechism to look over his lesson once more, and he felt the pleasant consciousness of having really done his best, and of being well prepared. After breakfast the party set out for Church. Mrs.

oward being very delicate went with Harry
. the carriage, but the others preferred
alking through the wood.

Mrs. Stanley and her brother walked to-
ther, conversing in a low tone; and the
ree boys followed. Edward was deeply
igaged with his own thoughts, comparing
s feelings on this Sunday, with what they
d been a few weeks before, and thanking
od in his heart for having in this also
rned the water into wine. His cousins,
ving in vain tried to rouse him from his
flections, left him to himself; and when
ey reached the Church, he was surprised
find how short the walk had seemed.

The services of the day seemed more in-
resting to him than they had ever been
fore, for his spirit was humbled with a
nse of his own sinfulness and weakness,
d he joined with his heart, as well as with
is lips, in the earnest confession, "We have
one those things which we ought not to
ave done; and we have left undone those
ings which we ought to have done; and
ere is no health in us;" and those who
ave experienced the same may bear witness
ow even a child may be comforted by the
surance from the lips of God's own ap-
inted minister, that "He pardoneth and
solveth all them that truly repent and
feignedly believe His holy Gospel."

After the morning service was over, and they had taken a hasty meal at the Rectory, Edward accompanied his mother and Mr. Leslie back to Church. As they entered the churchyard his attention was attracted by a little group approaching by another path. There was an elderly, respectable-looking woman, holding by the hand a little girl about six or seven years old, who would have been very pretty but for a certain expression of fretfulness and ill-humour which spoiled her otherwise good features.

On the other side of the child walked a boy of about Edward's own height, in whose face shone such gentleness, meekness, and intelligence, and such a loving spirit, that it was impossible to look at him without a feeling of deep interest. He, as well as his companions, was dressed in deep mourning, and though a smile lighted up his face at the sight of the kind Rector, it was plain that he was not happy.

On seeing him Mr. Leslie stopped and said, "O Mary! I have made a new acquaintance, and I must introduce my friend, Charles Selby, to your notice. I should wish him and Edward to become friends." Then, beckoning to the boy, who instantly obeyed the signal, he said, "Here, Charles, is a new pupil, who, like yourself, joins the class for the first time, to-day. You and Edward

anley had better sit together." Then, as
e two boys went off, he gave Mrs. Stanley,
few words, a short account of the boy,
ich made her feel more interest in him
an before.

When the work of the class began, Edward
ve his whole mind to what he was about,
d more than once received one of those
nd approving smiles which he had so much
sired. At length a question was asked, to
ich he had in vain sought for an answer,
d he therefore merely repeated the text
ferred to in his book. Mr. Leslie passed on
Charles Selby, saying, "Very correctly
peated, but no answer to the question."

Edward listened anxiously for Selby's
swer, and when it was given in a modest
t distinct tone, he felt that the meaning
s made clear to him, and only wondered
at he had not seen it before.

Mr. Leslie was much pleased, for it was a
ficult question, and the answer showed a
gree of thought and care which he had
rdly expected from so young a boy; and he
s still more pleased with the modest, gentle,
ateful manner, in which Charles received
s commendation: and Edward felt that
re too he might take a lesson from his
w friend; for he had been rather elated
having correctly answered some questions
which the children near him had failed.

When the class was over, the two boys still kept together, and Edward then asked if Charles had prepared the lesson alone. "Yes," answered he, "I had no one to help me if I had wished; but indeed I was very thankful for the interest and employment it gave me, and feel very grateful to Mr. Leslie for the kindnes he has shown me."

"Have you known him long?" asked Edward.

"O no; we only came here on Tuesday. Is that very sweet-looking lady your mamma? How much I should like to know her."

"Indeed, I wish you did," answered Edward, "for she is kinder than any one can imagine."

He longed to ask his companion about his father and mother, but did not know how to begin, and at that moment a sharp voice was heard calling out, "Master Charles, how dare you wander away in that manner, instead of coming back to me at once? If there is any more of such conduct you shall go no more to this class, I can tell you."

Charles sighed, but turned gently away to join his companions. Edward went with him, as he saw his mother coming to meet them.

She stopped, and said to Charles, "Will you, my dear, tell your grandmamma, that Mrs. Stanley, a friend of Mr. Leslie's, is very

anxious to make her acquaintance, and will take the liberty of calling on her, in company with Mr. Leslie, in the course of the week."

Charles gladly undertook to deliver the message, and saying to Edward, "I hope you will come too," he ran after his little sister, and went into Church.

After Church Edward was very anxious to hear something about his new friend, and his mother told him all she knew. "He, like yourself, Edward, was born abroad. His father and mother emigrated to America, and in the privations of a residence in the bush in Canada West, poor little Charles was born. Mrs. Selby's health failed entirely at the birth of his little sister Anna four years afterwards; and after some years of much suffering, just as they were on the eve of leaving the scene of their troubles, she died, leaving her husband and two children very desolate. Soon after this he moved, with his little ones, to Montreal, where he devoted all his leisure time to teaching his boy, who, Mr. Leslie tells me, seems to have profited well by the instructions he received. A few months ago the father died also, and the unfortunate children were immediately sent home to the care of their grandmother, who being in bad health, and feeling the charge of them a great responsibility, and

having known Mr. Leslie in her youth, come to settle here to be near him."

Edward.—"And who is that cross woman?"

Mrs. S.—"That is Mrs. Selby's own r and housekeeper. She is an excellent n to her mistress, and sincerely attached to her and to the children; but not ha been used to young people she seems q unfit to have the charge of them; she already spoiled the little girl sadly, makes the poor boy's life very uncom able."

Edward.—"Poor fellow! I could not to hear her rough way of speaking to l and though he turned away I could s tear in his eye."

Mrs. S.—"The remembrance of parents' tender love must make his pre circumstances the more painful to l but Mr. Leslie tells me, that the littl has already seen of him has pleased very much; that, though sometimes gre provoked, he never loses his temper, always answers respectfully and gentl the person who exercises his grandmot authority over him."

Edward.—"But does he never comp to his grandmother?"

Mrs. S.—"She is too unwell to have children much with her; and besid

knows how anxious she is about him and his sister; and, therefore, like a real hero, he prefers bearing much injustice and unkindness to vexing his frail old grandmother."

Edward.—"And do you think she will see you when you call?"

Mrs. S.—"I hope she will, for she is anxious that Charles should have some suitable companions; and Mr. Leslie told you that he wishes you to become friends, and he has promised to introduce me to the old lady as a beginning. If she will consent I should be very glad to have both the children to pay us a visit when your uncle leaves us; but we must wait patiently and see."

Edward.—"The little girl is not at all like Charles."

Mrs. S.—"Poor little thing, she has had great disadvantages. She was too young to profit, as Charles did, by their parents' teaching. Then she was much left to herself in the ship coming home; and now this Mrs. Spellman seems to spoil her very much, and always gives her her own way to keep her from crying and disturbing her grandmamma. So you see, Edward, we must not be too hard upon her."

Edward agreed to this, indeed he did not care much about it; he then went on to tell his mother about the class, how much he had liked it, how much he had learned.

and Mrs. Stanley saw with pleasure that he was neither jealous nor vexed that Charles Selby had done better than himself; and he confessed to her, too, how modest and gentle he thought him, in not being in the least inclined to triumph though he answered right every time.

Chatting in this way they reached home; and after dinner all the boys went again to their list of the miracles, and before bed-time had arranged a great many under their respective heads.

CHAPTER XII.

"Lord, by thy sad and earnest eye,
When Thou didst look to heaven and sigh;
Thy voice, that with a word could chase
The dumb deaf spirit from his place;
As Thou hast touch'd our ears, and taught
Our tongues to speak thy praises plain,
Quell Thou each thankless, godless thought,
That would make fast our bonds again."

NEXT morning, when Edward went to his other's room a little earlier than usual, ıe was not quite ready for him; and he ıerefore took his Bible and sat down ıietly to look for the different cases in which ır Saviour cast out evil spirits. By the me Mrs. Stanley came to him he had found x:

The demoniac at Capernaum.
The Gadarene demoniacs.
A dumb demoniac.
The lunatic child.
The Syrophenician woman's daughter.
The woman with a spirit of infirmity.
His mother told him he had missed one

which they had particularly noticed in their morning reading the week before. After a little thought, he exclaimed, "Oh! I remember—the dumb and blind devil; and when the devil was cast out 'the blind and dumb both spake and saw.'"

"Now," said Mrs. Stanley, "we may consider these miracles as being of two different kinds. One, of simple possession, in which the evil spirit manifested his presence by causing paroxysms as of madness; the other, in which the possession caused the loss of sight, hearing, or speech, or brought on some other bodily infirmity—as in that case where the poor sufferer 'was bowed together, and could in nowise lift up herself.'"

Edward.—"Mamma, I remember no instance of deafness; unless, indeed, you think the deaf and dumb man, in the seventh chapter of St. Mark, had a devil."

Mrs. S.—"No, Edward, I do not think that man had a devil. There is nothing of the kind implied in the mode of the cure. The Saviour merely put his fingers in the man's ears, spat and touched his tongue, and looking up to heaven sighed, and said to the man, 'Ephphatha,' that is, 'Be opened.'"

Edward.—"Then which of the demoniacs was deaf?"

Mrs. S.—"If you read St. Mark's account

of the lunatic child, you will find that our Saviour says to the devil, 'Thou dumb and deaf spirit:' but I wish you particularly to notice, at present, the different ways in which the sufferers were affected by the evil spirits."

Edward.—"And why do you wish me to notice this?"

Mrs. S.—"Because I think we may learn something from it in the way of analogy. Satan's assaults upon the souls of men now, are as varied as were his attacks on the bodies of men in the time of our Saviour. Some persons are seized with fierce, wild gusts of passion: some are so tied and bound with the chain of their sins, that, like the poor woman of whom we read in the Gospels, they can in nowise lift themselves up, and nothing but the pitifulness of God's great mercy can loose them: some, as we have learned from other miracles, are completely blinded to all that is most needful for them to see: and, for the deaf and dumb, you can, I think, my dear boy, tell me yourself, who are attacked in this way by the great tempter of men."

Edward paused for some time in perplexity. At length he looked up, and said, "Do you mean people who give way to sullen and stubborn tempers?"

Mrs. S.—"I do, indeed; and this is the

lesson I particularly wish you to draw from our conversation to-day. My dear boy knows too well I think, what it is to be possessed by such a deaf, dumb spirit as this."

"Indeed I do, mamma," answered Edward, sadly; "but it is very strange that I never feel tempted to be stubborn with you. I cannot think how you found it out."

Mrs. S.—"To be honest with you, I was warned that such was your chief temptation; but even had I not been warned, I could have found it out. You do not know how much a mother's sight is sharpened by deep anxiety, and little things have shown me that your disposition is naturally stubborn."

Edward looked up, half vexed, half incredulous.

His mother continued—"Do not think, my child, that I mean to reproach you, for I have only known the struggles you have gone through by the victories you have gained; last night I perceived the difficulty you had in speaking cheerfully, or even in speaking at all, when your uncle checked you and Frederick for disputing about a trifle; nay, do not be cast down about it," she added, as she saw him look ashamed and troubled; "I refer to this simply to show you that I am aware, by my own observation, that such is your disposition; and my

›n for speaking of it to you is, that we
together consider the best means of
:oming your fault."
lward drew nearer to her, and said,
y, "O, if you could teach me how to
:ome it, I should be so happy! You
.ot tell how unhappy it sometimes makes
When I feel the fit coming on, and
ng on stronger and stronger, and my
ue getting stiff in spite of me, I would
anything to be out of it, if I could only
how. I never spoke to anybody about
efore, and nobody knows how sorry I
ı am about it."
rs. S.—"You must remember, dear boy,
it will be more difficult for you to over-
ɜ it now, than if you had not allowed
habit to grow so strong upon you: I
ɾou this that you may not be discouraged
:equent failures; but if you set about
ı the right way you need not despair of
uering in the end. You know that the
ied Jesus cast out the dumb spirit with
›rd, and you must remember that He is
ıame yesterday, and to-day, and for ever.
n you feel the fit of obstinacy coming
you must call upon Him earnestly for
. If it is in your power to be alone,
on your knees before Him: if this is
›ssible, lift up your heart to Him that
in secret: pray to Him for help to

resist the evil spirit, which is striving for mastery over you so fiercely that of yourself you have no power to resist. He will listen to your prayer, and will come to your assistance, and you will be surprised to find how easy it is to do, with His assistance, what would be impossible without it. Will you try this, dear Edward?"

Edward.—"I will, mamma; and I know it will be as you say, for I have found it so already. I asked Him last night, in my heart, to help me not to be sullen, and that was how I could answer uncle Howard when he spoke to me. Do you know, mamma, one thing that made me more anxious to get the better of it, and more hopeful that I should be able to do so, was what you and Mr. Leslie have told me of my own papa."

Mrs. S.—"It is, indeed, a very encouraging lesson which his example teaches you; and the weapon you have begun to make use of is the very one by which he gained the victory. Prayer is your only hope—prayer, accompanied by utter distrust of your own strength, and earnest trust in God. If I thought you would keep this in mind, and try to act upon it, I should have no doubt of your ultimate success."

Edward.—"I will try, indeed, mamma; *and I know* too well by experience, how

helpless I am myself to think of trusting in my own strength; for I never once succeeded in completely conquering my temper till last night, when I called on God to help me."

Mrs. S.—"By 'completely conquering,' I suppose you mean giving in without being forced to do so."

Edward.—"No; I mean that even when I have been forced to submit, as I have generally been both at school and at home, my heart has been rebelling all the time, and, if I had dared, I would have resisted openly. O, mamma," he added sadly, "you would not love me if you knew how naughty I have often been."

Mrs. Stanley kissed him fondly, as she answered, "Always speak to me as frankly and openly of your faults as you have done now, and never fear that such frankness can make me love my own boy the less."

Edward warmly returned her kiss, and then went on to say; "But what do you think makes the feeling come? I never have it with you, because you always speak so gently; and, besides, I love you so very much that I like doing as you bid me. But sometimes uncle Howard, and much oftener the masters, speak so sharply, and quickly; and then I feel the fit coming on."

Mrs. S.—"I fear it is pride, my darling.

If you had a truly humble spirit, you would not notice the tone which rouses a proud spirit to resistance. Strive and pray for that 'meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price:' watch against the very beginnings of a proud or sullen temper, and keep constantly looking to Jesus for assistance: and may God bless your endeavours, and make you in every thought, word, and deed, such as his child and servant ought to be."

After breakfast the boys could not help feeling sorry that by their own fault they had lost the pleasure of a day in the boat with Captain Howard; and though they had a good deal of amusement in other ways, the loss of this expected pleasure prevented them from fully enjoying themselves. There was, besides, a feeling of self-reproach, which made Frederick and William a little inclined to be discontented, but which acted very differently on Edward. Although in fact he had been less to blame than the other two, he had felt his fault much more deeply: he had repented so sincerely, and had been so thankful for forgiveness, that there was no room in his heart for any feeling of discontent. Then he was conscious that if he had never been stubborn before, his uncle would not have suspected him of being so on this occasion;

and this made him the more anxious to overcome a fault which, besides being very sinful in the sight of God, brought him so much trouble.

All this made him bear the disappointment with perfect good humour, and he spent a much happier day than either of his cousins, although they had all the same means of amusement within their reach. In the evening, Mrs. Stanley told them that she had just received a note from her friend, Mrs. Graham, to say that she had been so much disappointed at not having seen any of the boys but Harry, on Saturday, that she insisted on their all coming to spend the whole of the next day with her, and that she had engaged a good many of her young friends to meet them.

CHAPTER XIII.

"We need not bid, for cloister'd cell,
Our neighbour and our work farewell,
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high
For sinful man beneath the sky:

"The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves; a road
To bring us, daily, nearer God."

THE boys were astir early next morning, and after a hurried breakfast they set off in high glee. Yet before leaving his room Edward did not forget to read his Bible, and to pray earnestly that God would guide and protect him through all the enjoyments and temptations of the day: and those who have prepared themselves for a party of pleasure, as Edward did, will know that his eye was not the less bright, nor his laugh the less merry, for the feeling of peace and protection which lay warm at his heart, and that he did not enjoy his amusement the less for receiving it all as a gift from a *gracious heavenly* Father.

On their arrival at Grange Bank they ınd a large party already assembled. ırry was delighted to meet the young slies, with whom he had made acquaint-ce at the Rectory; and Edward was no s pleased to recognise Charles Selby ıong the boys. Mrs. Graham had been a pil of Mr. Leslie's at the same time with 's. Stanley, and still retained, as indeed l almost all who had shared his instruc-ns, a feeling of warm and grateful affec-n towards him.

Charles Selby had been sent, at Mr. slie's recommendation, as a day-scholar an academy at which the elder Grahams re boarded, and so he had been invited, ›ng with a good many of the other boys all ages to this party.

There were, besides, many other children; d the forenoon was spent very merrily in iting the horses and ponies, romping with ɜ dogs, of which there were a great mber, and playing at bowls on the bowl-g-green.

Then came an early dinner, after which ɜ boys were to have a grand match at cket, while the younger children, under ɜ care of Mary Graham, a sweet gentle l, the eldest of the family, were to spend ɜ afternoon in a field not far from the *ıse, making* daisy chains, and garlands of

the many wild flowers which were to be found in great plenty.

Accordingly the boys collected wickets and bats, and set off, Lewis Graham and Frederick Howard, who had taken a great fancy to each other, leading the way. As they walked along, Lewis began speaking of the field in which they were going to play.

"It is the best cricket-ground in the parish," he said, "there is not another field to compare with it. It is so large, and the grass so smooth, and"——. But here, he hastily stopped and exclaimed, "There is Tom running after us: he must have some stupid message for us from mamma; perhaps to come home in good time; or not to overheat ourselves," he added, laughing. "But come, let us run, and he will never catch us," and so saying he set off at full speed; and Frederick, thinking it capital fun to escape from Tom, ran with him; the other boys all followed, without knowing the reason why.

But the little footboy was not to be thus prevented from delivering his message; he jumped over a low fence, ran across a narrow strip of wood, and again jumping over the fence at the other side, appeared just in front of the boys who had been running round; and coming up to Lewis, he said, "Please, sir, master sent me to say, that you

e of you to go into the Willow Park
ernoon." "Very well, Tom," an-
Lewis; then turning to Frederick he
n a low tone, "How very provoking!
ıst be some fancy of mamma's. She
's afraid of our falling into the river,
thing; but I think we'll go all the
and; when we come home quite safe,
I not care where we played."
erick, with the remembrance of Sa-
full in his mind, felt that this was
ıt; but he too was provoked and did
e the idea of foregoing a game of
in the best field in the parish; and
ıout taking time to think, he an-
"O yes, let us go, there is certainly
ger of our falling into the river;" and
ran on.
they came to a large meadow, at
tom of which were some beautiful
overhanging the river, which at
ıce was certainly neither very broad
y deep. As they were turning into
eld, Charles Selby came forward
ted, "Is not this the Willow Park,
n?"
ll! if it is the Willow Park, what
asked Lewis.
ly that we must not go into it," said
s, *quite* quietly.
h nonsense!" answered Lewis, very

angrily, "Are you afraid of falling into the river? There is no danger of that, is there, Howard?" he added, turning to Frederick.

"I should think not, indeed," answered Frederick, laughing.

"Or, perhaps," said one of the younger Grahams, "he is afraid of those cows which have strayed over the water from Mr. Brown's."

Charles contented himself with quietly repeating, "We ought not to go into that field; and I, for one, will not go."

"Neither will I," exclaimed Edward, drawing close to Selby's side.

Lewis Graham was now thoroughly provoked, and as he saw symptoms of wavering among some of the other boys, he again turned to Frederick.

"What fools these boys are," he said; and Frederick, although secretly he quite approved of their conduct, and wished to join them, had not courage to say anything, and merely laughed in reply. "Now listen, boys," continued Lewis, "I am sure the reason we were told not to play in that field is that mamma is afraid we shall tumble into the water, or hurt ourselves in some way; so if we are quite sure that we shall be safe, there *can* be no harm in playing there, and *when we go* home quite safe, no more will

be said about it. But whoever is afraid," and he glanced scornfully at Charles Selby and Edward, "had better go and join Mary and the little children in picking flowers, and making necklaces. See, there they are!"

Mary with her little charge had just entered the next field, which was separated from the Willow Park by a low fence, and the children were running about shouting and playing with Frolic, Mrs. Graham's favorite spaniel; the little dog enjoying the fun as much as they did, was pirouetting and barking with all its might.

Charles still quietly stood his ground, heeding neither the reasoning nor the taunt, when one of the academy boys, who had one day unfortunately seen him with Mrs. Spellman, cried out, "No, I will tell you what he is afraid of—he is afraid of his nurse. What would she do to the little child if it was naughty?" continued he, turning to Charles, and speaking in a jeering tone; "would she whip it and put it to its bed without its supper, or would she put it in a dark closet, or give it to the black man that lives up the chimney?"

This sally was hailed with a shout of laughter. Edward looked hastily at Charles to see how he bore it. His pale cheek

flushed crimson, his eyes flashed, he clenched his fist, and turning to his insolent tormentor, he was on the point of knocking him down, when he suddenly stopped short: a thought stronger than his passionate anger shot through his mind: he thought of Him "who, when He was reviled, reviled not again, when He suffered He threatened not:" one feeling of shame for the anger he had felt, one cry for pardon, one earnest prayer for help in this time of sore trial—the whole was the work of a moment—and then he turned, and in a gentle, almost playful tone, he said, "Well, boys, I confess I am afraid," then quietly waiting till the burst of amusement which received this announcement was over, he repeated, "I am afraid of doing what I know to be wrong."

Again the boys wavered, although by this time, Lewis, still holding Frederick's arm, had opened the gate of the field. How the rest of the boys would have acted I cannot tell; Charles Selby and Edward had turned away, when a sudden piercing cry from the next field aroused them all.

The fact was, that a message from Mr. Brown had reached Mr. Graham after the boys were gone from the house, to say that some of his cattle, and among them a bull, *which was* sometimes, when excited, very

ierce and wild, had escaped from his field, ınd strayed over the water; and that empted, as he supposed, by the shade of he large trees, they were at that moment n the Willow Park. He had sent his men o fetch them back, but they had to go a long vay round by the bridge, and, for fear of ıccident, he had caused a boy to ride through he river, and give notice, lest any of Mr. Graham's family should come to mischief rom the dangerous animal.

Mr. Graham had instantly sent after the ɔoys; but not knowing that Mary and he little ones were going in the same direc- ıion, he had sent no message to them.

The noise of the children, and the bark- ıg of the little dog, had, in fact, roused the ull, which, finding only a low fence to op- ɔse its progress, leaped over the barrier at e lower end of the park, and was now llowing fiercely, and rushing at the little ɔup with its horns on the ground.

Mary, when she heard and saw this, ieked aloud; then, with great presence ınind, she picked up the dog, and so stilled noisy bark; she then tried to gather her e flock together, to escape from the ; but the bull was advancing very fast, though the field was a long one, would be among them.

this moment of extreme danger, Charles

Selby, who, during his residence in America, had had many a lesson in activity, courage, and presence of mind, leaped over the gate which led into the field; and taking off the handkerchief which he wore round his neck, he waved it in front of the bull, and by his loud cries attracted the attention of the animal, and turned its fury against himself. Then, at full speed, he darted off in the opposite direction, the wild brute eagerly following and still bellowing with rage. I need not say how anxiously—with what breathless interest—all the rest of the children watched the swift and perilous race. Mary had not at first perceived the manner of her deliverance, but when, after securing the safety of all her little charge outside the gate, she turned to look for the bull, her heart sank on seeing the imminent danger of the brave boy. If his breath failed, if his foot slipped but once, his instant death was certain. But even in that moment of danger his heart was calm. God's hand was over him to protect him, and should all his efforts fail, it would only be going home a little sooner; and so he was enabled calmly to take the best means to ensure his safety. One large tree grew on the other side of the wall, but so close to it that its branches nearly touched the ground inside the field. This tree was to Charles the goal of safety;

ıe reached it, climbed into it, and fell, ·ather than dropped, on the other side, just ıs the infuriated animal reached the boun-lary—too high to leap over, too strong to ›reak through—and stood tearing the ground ınder the tree with its horns, lashing its ıides with its tail, and bellowing with dis-ıppointed rage.

When Charles rose from the ground, after ıaving poured out his full heart in gratitude ›o God, who had not only preserved his own ife, but had permitted him to be the means ıf preserving the lives of others, he found Edward Stanley standing beside him. Neither ıf them spoke—there was no need for words: he boys understood each other perfectly, and vith their arms lovingly twined round each ıther's neck, as is the custom among boys vhen feeling very friendly, they walked ıuietly round the outside of the field to join heir companions.

In the meantime, Mr. Graham having ac-ıidentally learned where Mary and the ·ounger children had gone to play, ran lown to the field, to bring them away from ›o dangerous a neighbourhood. He ar-ived just in time to see the end of Selby's ıdventure, and while Edward slipped away ›o join his friend, the rest of the boys ·rowded round Mr. Graham, who tried in *vain to learn* what had actually occurred,

from the confused story told him by at least a dozen different voices at once.

At length he succeeded in silencing the boys; and from Mary, who though pale and trembling had never lost her self-possession, he heard the account of the danger they had been in, and how they had been saved by the courage and presence of mind of Charles Selby.

At this moment the two boys came up, and Mr. Graham, who was a man of deep feeling, but of few words, shaking Charles by the hand, merely said, "God bless you, my boy; for many a heart have you saved from a sore pang this day:" then turning to Lewis he added, "but how was it, I wonder, that you did not get the message I sent by Tom. Did you not see him?"

"Yes, papa," answered Lewis, "and none of us have been in the Willow Park."

This answer, though in fact quite true, was yet so disingenuous as to shock more than one of the boys, especially when Mr. Graham answered, "That was well; you see the advantage of obedience, even when you do not know the reason of the order. If you had all been scattered over the field at your game, few of you being so swift of foot as Charles Selby, much mischief might have ensued."

It occurred to many of the boys, as well

to Frederick Howard, that they owed .eir safety not to their own obedience, but the altercation caused by Selby's steady re- .sal to enter the field; but as the Grahams .d not speak, none of the rest liked to say ıything, and Mr. Graham, seeing that the lventure had considerably damped the ›irits of the young party, kindly exerted him- ıIf to restore their cheerfulness. He first ɜspatched the little ones, still under Mary's ıre, to the flower-garden, with permission › gather what flowers they pleased; and ıen, seeing Mr. Brown's men coming to take way the bull, he insisted on the boys also aving the place. "Come," he said, "we ill go to the Vicarage, and ask leave to lay in the field there. It is almost as good cricket-ground as the Willow Park; and Mr. Williams will condescend to play too, will take a turn with you myself; it is ot the first time," he added, laughing, that he and I have played in a match ›gether."

Both Mr. Graham and Mr. Williams were nown to be capital players, so this proposal as very popular, and the game was soon egun, and carried on with such spirit that ıe unfortunate occurrences of the afternoon ere speedily forgotten.

Late in the evening they returned to the

house, when, after a comfortable and substantial meal, very acceptable to the cricketers, the party dispersed.

On getting into the carriage to return home, William and Harry being thoroughly tired out, fell fast asleep; and then Frederick confided to Edward how much he had admired Charles Selby's conduct, and how glad he would have been to have acted as Edward himself had done, if he had not been afraid of the laugh of the other boys. "But there is no use in my trying," he added, "I cannot be like him."

Edward tried in vain to convince his cousin that he could do as well if he really wished it, and at length said, rather timidly, "If you would not mind asking her, Fred, I am quite sure mamma could help you."

Frederick caught at the idea. "Do you think I might?" he said, "I should like to speak to her very much."

Edward assured him that Mrs. Stanley would like him to come to her, and it was settled that he should accompany Edward to her room next morning, and ask leave to join in the Bible reading.

It was past twelve o'clock when they reached home, and the heavy eyes and pale faces of the two younger boys, with the *flushed* cheeks and bright eyes of Frederick

Edward, showed how greatly they all d in need of rest after a day of so much gue and excitement. They were, accord- y, sent off immediately to bed.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live:
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

"Thou Framer of the light and dark,
Steer through the tempest Thine own ark
Amid the howling wintry sea,
We are in port if we have Thee."

FREDERICK woke very early next morning. He rose and dressed himself, and then went to Mrs. Stanley's room, where he found her alone, as Edward's time for reading had not arrived. She welcomed him very kindly, and though rather surprised at his appearance so early, did not allow him to perceive it.

In fact, she felt a very great interest in him. His conduct on the previous Saturday had shown her what might be made of him, and she was very happy that he thus came, of his own accord, to read and speak with her.

He began by asking leave to tell her what

pened the day before, and uncon-
heightened the favorable impres-
unt had formed of him, by the gene-
in which he spoke, both of Charles
d of Edward, and by the severe
hich he attached to his own weak-
his cowardly spirit in not joining
d seeming even to join against
He ended by saying, as he had said
d, "I never shall be good, however
vish it."

, my dear boy," answered Mrs.
"you are too hasty and impa-
You have not been trying so long
should give up in despair. Re-
what St. Paul says, 'Ye have not
ted unto blood, striving against
Heb. xii. 4.)

is true," answered Frederick,
ully; "but then, what makes such
ce between Edward and me? I
r than he is, and further on, of
everything else, and yet in this it
erent."

ll show you the difference," said
ley gently; and opening her Bible
rd chapter of Malachi, she bade her
ead the last verse.

so,—"Then shall ye return, and
between the righteous and the

wicked; between him that serveth God, and him that serveth Him not."

"Now," she said, when he had finished, "far be it from me to say of you two boys, that Edward is righteous and you are wicked. All I wish is to lead you seriously to consider what the Bible tells us is the difference between the righteous and the wicked."

Fred.—"Yes, the one serves God, the other serves Him not."

Mrs. S.—"Now, what you have to look at is this. The serving God is the main thing. It is not so much what we do, or leave undone, that is material, as what our motive is. Now, ask yourself honestly, has your wish to be like Charles Selby arisen from a real, earnest desire to serve God?"

Fred.—After a pause—"No; I never thought of that before; I admired him, and so I wished to be like him; do you think that this is what makes the difference between Edward and me?"

Mrs. S.—"I do not wish, dear boy, to compare you and Edward. But, as far as Edward or you, or any of us, take this earnest wish as the motive of our actions, so far, and so far only, will God accept our offerings. It is our hearts He asks for,

, give me thine heart,' (*Prov.* xxiii.
. without this everything else is ab-
worthless."
seeing Frederick look sad and dis-
l, she continued, "But even if you
our own heart that there is this dif-
etween you and others of your ac-
ice, there is no reason why it should
. Do not be cast down; rather be
that God has taught you to see
ficiencies and given you the wish
d. I hear Edward coming, and I
e Bible lesson I meant to read
will comfort and teach you better
thing I can say."
is moment Edward entered. He
leased to see Frederick sitting with
ma, and after bidding her good
sat quietly down with his Bible.
tanley directed the boys to read the
of the stilling of the tempest, as re-
St. Matthew, St. Mark, and St.
After they had done so, she said,
ory seems to divide itself naturally
parts, from both of which I wish
aw much the same lesson. We shall
ording to our custom, go carefully
the several incidents related, and
what comfort, encouragement, and
we may derive from the story. Tell

me, then what had been taking place immediately before."

Fred. and *Edward* together.—"The feeding of the five thousand."

Mrs. S.—"Quite right; and then the people wished to take Jesus by force, and make Him a king: but He sent His disciples to go in a ship to the other side of the Sea or Lake of Tiberias, while He sent away the people."

Edward.—"And His disciples did so, but a great storm arose, and the ship was tossed with the waves."

Mrs. S.—"There is something very touching in the description of their situation. The ship was in the midst of the sea, tossed with waves, it was now dark, the wind was contrary, and what made the whole more sad, as well as to all appearance more dangerous, Jesus was not with them."

Edward.—"No; He was praying alone upon the mountain after He had sent the people away."

Mrs. S.—"Frederick, do you remember where our Saviour was when the disciples were, on a former occasion, in circumstances of like danger?"

Fred.—"He was in the ship, asleep upon a pillow; and then, when they awoke Him, He said, 'Peace, be still; and there was a *great calm.*'"

.—"Quite right. On that occasion
ked their fears, saying, 'Where is
th?' and, probably, had He been
m in the ship this time, they would
been so much afraid: but it seems
wished to teach them to trust in His
n when He was not with them in
resence. Now, tell me what hap-
xt."
—"Jesus went to them, walking on

.—"You have missed one striking
What are we told of our Saviour
e went to them?"
d.—"I know what you mean:
He was praying on the mount, five
ty or thirty furlongs off, and though
ark, yet He saw them toiling in

.—"You are right, Edward: that
y what I meant. Then, when He
them, they were afraid, saying, 'It
irit.' How did He calm their
minds?"
—"He said, 'Be of good cheer, it is
afraid.'"
d.—"And then St. Peter ——"
, Edward," said Mrs. Stanley, inter-
him, "I would rather leave for
ent what is said about St. Peter,
considering the miracle we have in

hand. What happened when Jesus went into the ship?"

Fred.—"The wind ceased."

Edward.—"And immediately the ship was at the land whither they went."

Mrs. S.—"Now, can you tell me how this miracle affects ourselves?"

Fred.—"I'm sure I don't know; except, to be sure, that we might be in a storm on the sea too."

Mrs. S.—"You are right, Frederick. And if we were so, it would surely be comforting to feel that Jesus always sees us, and has power to help us, if such be His will, even in what may seem the most desperate circumstances. If we are indeed His faithful servants, as the disciples were, the remembrance of this miracle ought certainly to strengthen our trust, that He will save us if it be good for us; and if not, that He will be with us to take care of our souls. But the lesson I mean is a more general one, and may be of use to us every day of our lives."

Edward.—"I think I understand you, though I can hardly explain it. Do you mean that the world is like the Sea of Tiberias, and that we are like the disciples in the ship?"

Fred.—"O, I see, and the storm is like sorrows and troubles."

Edward.—"Yes, and sins and temptations too."

Mrs. S.—"You are both right; can you tell me, Frederick, why you think the storm like sorrows and troubles?"

Fred.—"Because, I suppose, they toss the mind up and down as the storm would the ship."

Mrs. S.—"And you, Edward?"

Edward.—"Mamma, I think we are often toiling in rowing to get nearer heaven, and then like the contrary wind our sins and temptations drive us back."

Mrs. S.—"They do, indeed, Edward, constantly drive us back; but then" (and here she turned and looked kindly at Frederick), "what comfort to think that Jesus sees us toiling in rowing, and that He will, if we ask Him, come to our assistance, and the wind will be calmed, and the waves cease to toss us, and all will be peace."

Frederick looked up with a sweet, intelligent smile; and both he and Edward felt the comfort of Mrs. Stanley's words, for both knew, by experience, how difficult it is to make any progress in our own strength, the wind being contrary."

Edward went on, "Mamma, there is one thing more, I think—our Saviour was praying on the mount, and now He is praying for us in heaven."

Mrs. S.—"I am glad you have noticed *that, my dear* boy. I was just going to call

your attention to it: but now let us proceed to the second part of the miracle. When our Saviour said, 'It is I,' St. Peter answered, 'Lord, if it be Thou,' or as we may rather read it, 'Since it is Thou, bid me come unto Thee on the water.'"

Fred.—"And He said, 'Come.' And then St. Peter walked on the water to go to Him."

Edward.—"Was it wrong of St. Peter, mamma?"

Mrs. S.—"The request was certainly not wrong in itself. The motive may have been a desire to be nearer his Lord, and this would have been right; or it may have been a wish to make up, by an act of unusual faith, for the distrust he had been guilty of; or it may have been, and this I fear is the most likely, the same love of pre-eminence which made him afterwards exclaim, 'Although all shall be offended, yet will not I.'"

Fred.—"Why do you think this the most likely?"

Mrs. S.—"From what happened afterwards: I don't think his faith would have been so likely to fail had his motive been quite pure. And if this was so, how very instructive was the conduct of our Lord; and how gently He taught this ardent, and zealous, though sometimes too forward disciple, the lesson of humility and, at the

same time, of perfect faith and confidence in Himself. Go on with this beautiful story."

Fred.—"When he saw the wind boisterous he was afraid, and began to sink, and then he cried, 'Lord, save me.'"

Edward.—"And Jesus stretched forth His hand and caught him, saying, 'O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?'"

Mrs. S.—"You have missed a most important word. Did our Saviour leave him any time to suffer the consequences of his fears?"

Edward.—"No, immediately He stretched forth His hand."

Mrs. S.—"It seems that St. Peter walked on the water in perfect safety for some time. Tell me, what caused him to sink?"

Fred.—"He was afraid."

Mrs. S.—"But what made him afraid?"

Edward.—"He saw the wind boisterous."

Mrs. S.—"Yes; we are to suppose that, at first, he was looking at his Lord, thinking only of Him, and then he was safe. But when he ceased looking to Him, then he saw the wind boisterous, the appearance of danger around him caused his heart to fail, and he began to sink. Now, here again we learn a valuable lesson. In 'passing the waves of this troublesome world,' as they are called in the Baptismal Service, 'Look-

ing unto Jesus,' must be the motto of our lives. As long as we keep looking unto Him we are safe; but when once we take our eyes off Him to look at the boisterous winds or at the raging waters, that moment we are afraid, and begin to sink. But here St. Peter teaches us another lesson. What did he do in this danger?"

Edward.—"He cried out, 'Lord, save me.'"

Mrs. S.—"And if we, too, cry out, 'Lord, save me,' His hand will be immediately stretched out to us as it was to St. Peter, and we shall not be left to perish. Do you understand now, dear boys, how this miracle is to be of comfort to us every day of our lives?"

"I think I do, mamma," answered Edward, "at least I am sure I feel it a comfort to-day."

"And you, Frederick?" said his aunt, "you still look puzzled; do you not understand me?"

Fred.—"Not quite: I am afraid you will think me very stupid, but I can't quite understand what you mean, by saying that we are to keep always 'looking to Jesus.' The waves and winds mean sorrows and temptations; I understand that: but how, in *sorrow and* temptation, are we to look to *Jesus? and* how will that keep us safe?"

Mrs. Stanley answered, very kindly, "Indeed, I do not think you stupid, my boy: I am very glad you have told me your difficulty, as I think I shall be able to explain my meaning more clearly to you. First, then, in the trials of life, we are to be always looking to Jesus; we are to think of all He suffered for us, and to remember how small in comparison are the sufferings we are called upon to bear. We are to think how He bore His sufferings, and to pray that we may bear ours in the same spirit; we are to think of the glorious home He has prepared for us, whence He will come to receive us, and then we shall feel, with St. Paul, 'That the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.' If our trial be the loss of those who are dear to us,"—and here Mrs. Stanley's voice trembled,—"then, looking to Jesus is the only comfort we can have, for in Him only, in the pardon purchased for us by His precious blood, can we have a hope of meeting our dear ones again in glory; is it not true, then, that by looking to Jesus we are kept safe in the midst of life's heaviest trials? And if this be so in times of sorrow and grief, still more is it true in times of sin and temptation. You know that of *ourselves* we have no power to help our-

selves. Oftentimes the night is dark, and the wind is contrary; our infirmities seem too strong for us, and we are ready to despair; but then, if we think that Jesus, though afar off, sees us toiling in rowing, we shall find comfort. He sees and marks the effort, though the progress may be imperceptible; and in Him there is strength sufficient for us. We must look to Him, and think how He walked on the waves, and how the wind ceased at His presence, and we must ever call on Him for strength and assistance; and if, like St. Peter, we fail and begin to sink, if our enemies overcome us and we fall into sin, then all the more steadily must we look to Him; we must cry, 'Lord, save me!' for in Him only have we pardon and peace. God grant, my children, that day by day you may learn more of this lesson by your own experience. Keep ever looking unto Jesus, praying to Him for pardon of sin, for strength in temptation, for sympathy and comfort in sorrow; ask Him to abide with you in life and in death, that, 'being stedfast in faith, joyful through hope, and rooted in charity, you may so pass the waves of this troublesome world that, finally, you may come to the land of everlasting life, there to reign with Him, world without end. Amen.'"

CHAPTER XV.

"Thou smil'st on us in wrath, and we
Even in remorse would smile on Thee;
The tears that bathe our offer'd hearts,
We would not have them stain'd and dim,
But dropp'd from wings of seraphim,
All glowing with the light accepted love imparts."

THERE was a striking difference in the feelings of the two boys at the end of this conversation; yet both were happy and both were thankful. Edward's heart was full to overflowing with love and gratitude for the promises of assistance and strength; and his most earnest desire was to devote all his powers of mind and body to please and serve his divine Master. His feelings might have been expressed, in the words of the Psalmist, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits toward me?" (*Ps.* cxvi. 12.) He knew that though in himself he was weak, yet he was strong in the Lord; and this made him happy, because he

felt that he might hope the better to perform his Father's will.

Frederick's motives were not so pure. He had before wished to do well that he might not be outdone by his companions, and this spirit of emulation was still strong within him; and it was with less of humility and more of self-confidence, that he thought of the new strength which Mrs. Stanley had pointed out to him. This feeling was very much hidden even from himself, yet still it was there, and instead of the spirit of the prayer, "Lead us not into temptation," he almost wished for an opportunity to show how well he could now withstand temptation. It was as though a young soldier should imagine the possession of a sword sufficient protection, without being at any pains to practise himself in the use of it; and, alas! Frederick had yet to learn, by painful experience, his need of practice in the use of his weapons.

Mrs. Stanley was pleased to observe, when Edward afterwards spoke to her of the adventures of the day before, how entirely he kept himself and his own doings out of sight; and this, not from any affectation of modesty, but simply from his mind being entirely occupied with admiration of Charles and his conduct. She therefore contented herself with speaking to him in her

st tones, and showing him, by her
al manner, that she was well-pleased
him, without making any particular
on to what she had learned from Fre-
c; but the incident, small as it was,
her great pleasure: it made her hope
t was not merely a desire to please her
caused the change she could not but
e in him, but that the desire to please
had begun to be the ruling principle in
mind; and she prayed earnestly that
principle might grow stronger, and
him safely through all the trials of
l, that so he might be prepared for the
struggle of life.

ring breakfast William, being of an in-
ive turn of mind, and, besides, a good
given to teasing, was very anxious to
er what had made Frederick get up
ly, and where he had been. Frederick
o desire to tell, and tried in vain to
William be quiet, and at last he grew
tish, and William so tormenting, that
altercation was quite unpleasant to
ders of the party; and Captain Howard,
had a particular dislike to childish
gling, desired them to be silent if they
not find anything more pleasant to
bout. William obeyed in perfect good
ur, and was presently listening to
eral conversation about a shipwreck,

of which an interesting account had appeared that morning in the newspaper. He had not the same difficulty in being good-humoured as either of the other boys, for he had a careless happy temper, on which nothing made a deep impression, and which, consequently, was not easily ruffled. It was very different with Frederick. He did not look upon this as the opportunity for which he had been longing to try his strength; and during the silence which he maintained he was not seeking for aid to subdue his evil temper, but was rather nourishing and encouraging feelings of anger against William, and of rebellion against his father, most unsuitable to one who had lately been so full of good resolutions.

Breakfast over, it was found to be raining so heavily as to make it impossible even for the boys to go out. Edward went to his lessons and Frederick thought he might as well work a little at his too. He brought his books to the drawing-room, aud finding nobody there but his mother on the sofa, and Harry quietly amusing himself at her side, he established himself in a window at the further end of the room, and began to be busy. But he was not left unmolested long. William came in, and was neither inclined to be diligent himself nor to allow his brother to be so; and his teasing

ritated Frederick so much that the wrang-
ing began again, and Mrs. Howard once
r twice remonstrated, till Frederick an-
wered her in a manner most unusual with
im; for he was generally very respectful
nd affectionate in his conduct to her.
Irs. Howard, being very delicate, had not
nergy either of mind or body to control
he boys, and left them entirely to their
ather's management. She therefore merely
ooked grieved and astonished, and quietly
aid, "Frederick, what would your papa
ave said if he had heard you speak so?"

This reproof, gentle as it was, only irri-
ated Frederick the more; but Captain
Howard and Mrs. Stanley entering at that
oment, no more was said, and their father's
resence made the boys cease quarrelling
or a time. The spirit of mischief, however,
ad now fairly taken possession of William,
nd Frederick was in a thoroughly bad
umour; their mother spoke again, but
a vain. Captain Howard, without look-
ng up from his book, called out, "Have
one with that quarrelling, boys! Don't
ou hear your mother speak to you?'
hen, as Willie caught again at Frederick's
ook, and Frederick gave him a blow on
e side of the head, their father added,
Frederick, do you hear what I say? I will
t have that noise."

Soon after Mrs. Howard went away with Harry to give him a lesson in her own room, and for some time all was still. Frederick sat sulkily with his back to William, who still went on, but now more quietly, with his teasing tricks; he kept on pulling his brother's hair, and tickling him behind the ears with a long feather, without quite knowing how very angry he was making him. At last Frederick's temper fairly gave way; he turned sharp round, knocked William down with one blow, and then, as he lay on the floor, proceeded to beat him about the head with the book which he still held in his hand.

Mrs. Stanley was terrified, and Captain Howard starting up, seized the boy and held him with a firm hand, while William slowly rose, saying, "I was only in fun, Fred, I did not mean to make you really angry."

Frederick, in the meantime, struggled in his father's grasp; his cheeks crimson, his eyes flashing; "Let me go," he exclaimed, "let me go, papa, do not hold me this way, I must get at that little rascal to punish him ———"

But here his father interrupted him; "Frederick," he said in a calm quiet tone of authority, "be still this moment, and *listen to me.* Do you not see that you might *almost have* killed your brother? if he had

n three inches nearer this way his
ɔle must have struck the sharp foot of
marble table, and what would you have
;hen? But," he continued, "I see you
n no fit state to listen to reason just
nor can I allow you to remain in my
ɜnce. Leave the room, sir, and let me
ɪo more of you till you have learned to
nand your temper, and to behave a
ı more like a reasonable being, and less
a madman."

·ederick turned away mechanically and
the room; but the storm, though out-
ly subdued, was still raging within.
ɜr, rebellion, and the most furious pas-
had possession of him; and violently
ing the door behind him, he ran, hardly
ring where he was going, till he found
elf in his aunt's sitting-room. There
ıddenly paused, and the conversation
e morning flashed vividly across his mind.
ıad intended to do so well, and how
ully had he failed! He was about to
from the room in despair, when some
ɜr words came back upon him, and a
f light seemed to dawn upon the dark-
within. "And if like St. Peter we fail,
begin to sink," she had said, "if our
ies overcome us and we fall into sin,
all the more steadily must we look to

Jesus; we must cry out, 'Lord, save me,' for in Him only have we pardon and peace."

The unhappy boy threw himself on his knees, and from the depths of his heart cried, "Lord, save me." All trust in himself was gone; he felt how utterly powerless for good he was; but at that moment he was enabled to feel, what before he had only been told, that in Jesus there is righteousness and strength; and though offered in so few words, still that earnest cry was indeed a prayer of faith. And as such it was heard and answered, and immediately the word of power was spoken from on high: the storm within him was stilled, the furious passions ceased to rage, and there was a great calm. Then the stony heart was broken, and forth flowed soft quiet tears of contrition, such peaceful gentle tears as he had never shed before. They seemed to cool the fever of his heart, and to soothe the bitter pain of shame and repentance; and as they flowed, there was joy in heaven among the angels of God, for a sinner had repented. Love and gratitude soon sprang up within him, and he poured forth his spirit in confession of his sin and weakness, in earnest pleadings for pardon for his Saviour's sake, and in fervent prayers for strength to go and sin *no more.*

After a time a new idea occurred to him: he must go and humble himself to his father; and this he felt would be a difficult task. "If he were alone," thought he, "I should not so much mind; but Aunt Stanley will be there, and, perhaps, mamma and Harry; and then, most likely, he will think that I am only afraid of being punished; and Willie, I must make friends with him, too;" and Frederick began to look at the waves and the winds—the difficulties around and within him—till he was again in danger of sinking; but he had now learned the means of safety; "Lord, save me!" he repeated again half aloud: "Save me from my own proud evil heart, and make me strong to do what I know to be right:" and then, calm and composed, he turned his steps towards the drawing-room.

In the meantime Captain Howard had severely reproved William for his childish teasing ways, and had set him a long lesson to learn, threatening him with a much more severe punishment if he should offend in this way again. "You are answerable," he said, "for more than half of Frederick's fault. After you have so often seen what your conduct ends in, I wonder that you can find any pleasure in it; and I will not allow it. Now take your book and go; and remember, William," he added, as the boy

left the room, "if you fall in with Frederick, no words between you, do you hear?"

"Yes, papa," answered William; and he went off rather crest-fallen, and besides sincerely sorry, as he always was, when he had teased Frederick into a passion. But his sorrow always passed off easily, and he soon began again. This thoughtless disposition was William's great snare.

When William had gone, there was silence for some minutes; then Captain Howard said to his sister, "That boy's temper really frightens me sometimes. It is quite true, as I said to him, that William very narrowly escaped hitting his head against that sharp corner. We had just such another scene a few days before we left home, and the flogging I gave him then seems to have done him very little good. I shall leave him to himself for a while, and then see what sort of temper he is in;" and so saying he took up his book. Mrs. Stanley made no reply; she was both grieved and disappointed at Frederick's conduct, and felt utterly at a loss as to what would be the best course of treatment to pursue with him. She could only commend him in her heart to the care of the Saviour, and pray that wisdom might be given to his father, to use such means as should be best adapted for bringing him to repentance and amendment.

then the door opened, and Frederick
l the room. He came and stood be-
ɜ father, who read on without taking
ɡhtest notice of him.
pa," he said, softly, "papa, I am very
ndeed I am."
you told me last time, Frederick,"
ed his father, coldly, and without
; up, "but I don't see that your sorrow
ɪu much good."
t, papa," answered Frederick, after
r secret prayer for assistance, "but,
his time it is different, it is, indeed.
ne I was sorry because I was afraid
g punished: but this time I know I
: to be punished, and," he added, his
lightly trembling, "I am ready to
; but I am sorry, very sorry, for hav-
ɜn in such a passion, and made you
ɪleased; O, papa, forgive me!" he
in a low tone of earnest entreaty.
ain Howard looked up. "I believe
ɜ really sorry this time, Frederick,"
, more kindly, "and I have more
f your amendment than I ever had
but it is my duty to see that this
does not pass away, without making
ɪr impression, and therefore I must
you." Then after a pause he added,
vill go to your own room, and remain

there alone till I give you permission to leave it."

"Yes, papa," answered Frederick, humbly, "but please may I go to mamma first for one minute; I only want to ask her to forgive me, for," he continued, looking down, "I behaved ill to her first, before you came into the room."

His father looked pleased, as he answered, "You may do so, but do not be above five minutes; I trust there is no fear of your falling out with William, if you should meet him; now go."

As Frederick left the room, Captain Howard turned to his sister; "I don't know what to think about that boy;" he said, "last time, even after I had taken very severe measures with him, I could not bring him to such penitence and humility as he shows to-day before I have begun with him; and yet I feel sure that he is sincere. Don't you think he is?"

"I think there can be no doubt of it," answered Mrs. Stanley, warmly; "and I believe, my dear Edward, I can read the riddle for you. I am very much mistaken if that boy has not humbled his heart in prayer before his God; and if so, the rest of his conduct is easily accounted for."

"*It may* be so," answered her brother,

thoughtfully; but at that moment William came in with a message from Frederick, to know whether his papa meant him to be quite idle, or would let him do his lessons.

Frederick had gone straight to his mother, to make his confession; and then, strengthened and comforted by her ready forgiveness, he proceeded to his own room, where he soon made his peace with William, and sent him with the message to his father. When William returned, he said, "Yes, you may do your lessons if you like; and indeed, Fred, I don't think papa is very angry, for as I left the room, I heard him say to Aunt Stanley, quite kindly, 'My poor boy;' but then I came away, and heard no more."

William was very much inclined to stay and chatter on; but Frederick insisted on his going, and leaving him to his punishment.

He first sat down to think over all that had taken place, and resolved by God's grace to try and do better for the future. Then, with the help of the references in his Bible, he found out, copied, and learned by heart, many verses which he thought would be useful in helping him to keep his resolution. He had done this before, very lately, as a Sunday exercise at school, and this made it easier for him. The

difference he found in the occupation struck him very much. It had been a task to him before, now it was a great pleasure, although the many verses he found on the subject filled him with new shame at his repeated failures.

And here I would recommend Frederick's plan to any of you, who may feel your besetting sin to be the same as his. Write out, and learn by heart, all the verses you can find on the subject; and pray earnestly to God to impress them deeply on your heart, and to give you grace to act upon them for the future, and to grant you "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is, in the sight of God, of great price."

Having spent about two hours in this way, Frederick turned to his school lessons, in which he was so much engaged, that he was quite surprised when the bell rang for luncheon, and William came to ask him if he should bring him anything to eat. After luncheon his heart sank a little, as he heard the boys go out, the rain having cleared off; and as his window was open, he could even hear their shouts, as with Captain Howard for a companion, they entered keenly into a game at cricket in the meadow. But Frederick felt how completely he deserved his punishment; and, in a

ʼ spirit, he determined to bear it
ıtly, however long his father might
it necessary to continue it.
ward had begged very hard that
ırick might be allowed to come out, or
at was impossible, that he himself
; go and keep him company: but his
had explained to him, that to allow
: would be to do away with the effect
shed the punishment to produce; and
ıe would himself be only too happy to
ıe Frederick from his confinement, as
as he thought he could do so with
ʼ.
ɜ hours wore away, and Frederick at
ı turned wearily from his books, and
own to rest by the open window. He
. the voices of the boys coming nearer
ıearer, and their entreaties that Cap-
Howard would come back for one more
before going into the house. Then he
. his father playfully propose to them,
· and catch him, before he could reach
oor, and the laugh of discomfiture from
rd and William, as they failed to do so.
en they turned away, William saying
a sigh, echoed by Edward, "It is no
oing to play without poor Fred. How
h I had not teased him so much."
ɜt then, however, Frederick heard

his father's step approaching the door of his room; and presently Captain Howard entered, saying kindly, "Well, my boy, I fear this has been a long sad day for you, but I trust it has not been spent in vain: and now come, there is still time for a run in the meadow before dinner, so put up your books and come away."

Frederick looked up quite astonished, and with glistening eyes, thanked his father for his kindness to him.

"Why certainly," replied he, "I had intended to have punished you much more severely, but I think—I hope—it is not necessary. Do not make me repent of letting you off so easily. I trust, indeed, that this is the last time I shall have to speak to you on this subject. Will you try and let it be so, Frederick?"

"I will try, indeed I will," answered Frederick, earnestly; "and I think I shall succeed this time, although I have so often failed before; for, papa, I have asked God to help me, and I am sure He will."

His father answered by laying his hand quietly on the boy's head, and saying, "God bless you, my son!" and then they left the room together, and a very merry game they all had in the meadow.

Frederick had never been so happy be-

re. His spirit was full of peace with God
d of love to all around him; and before
went to bed that night, he offered up
ost fervent thanksgivings to his heavenly
ther, and to his gracious Saviour who had
ffered so much to purchase pardon and
ace for sinful men.

CHAPTER XVI.

"Even so, heart-searching Lord, as years roll on,
Thou keepest silent watch from Thy triumphal throne."

AFTER the boys were gone to bed, William confided to Frederick that his father had set him a long punishment task, which, however, he had neglected to learn. "After I left you," continued he, "I found Edward going to make some fishing-flies, and I thought I would help him first, and then I forgot all about my lesson; and wasn't it very lucky that papa forgot it too, and never asked for it?"

Frederick did not take at all the same view of the case, but with all his power urged William to learn the lesson the first thing in the morning. "Even if papa should never ask for it," continued he, "you ought to learn it because he bade you."

William first laughed, and then became *angry, and* all Frederick's persuasions were

vain. He renewed the attempt, however, xt morning, when he himself woke early in ler to read again with Mrs. Stanley and ward: and as a last resource he tried to ıke William feel how seriously displeased ı father would be, if he should ask for the son, and not find it prepared.

William declared this to be so unlikely ıt he would not trouble himself about it. ıfter forgetting it all yesterday," he said, ıapa will never remember anything about to-day, so don't bother me any more, I ınt to go to sleep again;" and Frederick, ding that all he could say was of no use, t him and went to his aunt's room.

"This will be our last reading, I am aid," he said, as he entered, "since I supse we are to start early to-morrow ırning."

Mrs. Stanley said she feared his father d so determined, but she hoped they ght have many readings together at some ;ure time: then as Edward entered, she sired the boys to read the cure of the ralytic, as related by St. Matthew (chap.), St. Mark (chap. ii.), and St. Luke (chap. v.) When they had finished reading, Mrs. ınley bade them notice first, the gentleness d forbearance shown by our Lord, when ch disturbance was created during His *ching*.

Edward.—"Yes, to be sure, I never thought of that—breaking up the roof, and letting down the poor man's bed, must have been a great interruption."

Mrs. S.—"Yet the blessed Jesus looked only to the faith which had prompted the poor paralytic and his friends, and shewed His approval of that faith, instead of objecting to the unusual manner in which it was exhibited: but tell me now,—when He saw their faith, what did He say?"

Fred.—"He said to the sick of the palsy, 'Son, be of good cheer, thy sins be forgiven thee.'"

Edward.—"And the Scribes and Pharisees were very angry, and reasoned in their hearts that He had spoken blasphemy."

Mrs. S.—"What did they mean by blasphemy?"

Fred.—"Taking to Himself honour due to God alone."

Mrs. S.—"Quite right. Forgiveness of sins is one of God's own prerogatives; and the reasoners were right when they asked in their hearts, 'Who can forgive sins but God only?'"

Edward.—"Yes, but then as Jesus was God, He could forgive sins."

Mrs. S.—"Exactly so; and their fault lay in refusing to believe that He was God, and could therefore absolve this poor sufferer

rom his sins, which seem to have weighed ieavily upon him, as we may infer from ›ur Lord's gracious words, 'Be of good :heer, thy sins be forgiven thee:' and now ve shall first speak of our Saviour's mira- :ulous knowledge of the hearts of these :avillers, and then examine the argu- nent by which He refuted the charge of ›lasphemy."

Edward.—"He answered the thoughts of heir hearts, although they had not spoken loud."

Mrs. S.—"He did; thus proving the truth f the words, 'He needed not that any hould testify of man, for He knew what vas in man.' (*John* ii. 25.) Do you remem- ›er how the disciples, on another occasion, xpressed their admiration at such know- edge of their thoughts?"

Edward.—After a little consideration—I think I can find the passage you mean; s it not in the sixteenth chapter of St. John? Now are we sure that Thou knowest all hings, and needest not that any man should sk Thee: by this we believe that Thou amest forth from God.'"

Mrs. S.—"It is strange that the thought f this knowledge affects us so little; all ur most secret thoughts are open to His earching eye; and yet we too often allow *ride, and anger,* and distrust, and other

evil guests to harbour in our hearts, utterly regardless of the glance which is reading us through and through. Can you tell me why this is so?"

Fred.—"I think we forget."

Mrs. S.—"Or rather we do not realize it; we are told it, and we say that we believe it, but we do not force our minds really to take in what the words mean."

Edward.—"Yes, that is it; when Mr. Price is in the room with me, I do not forget that he is there; I know that he is looking after me, and I try not to do what will displease him; but if it is only one of the monitors I forget very often, and behave just as if there were no one there at all."

Mrs. S.—"You do not realize the fact that the monitor is for the time in Mr. Price's place, and so you forget his presence altogether. But my dear Edward, if you had a proper sense of God's eye being constantly upon you—a very piercing eye marking what you do amiss, and at the same time a very loving eye watching you, grieving when you go astray, and rejoicing when you keep to the right path—if you realized this properly, you would not displease Him even when there is no one in authority near you: and this would be a very great safeguard; for you would then watch carefully over the thoughts of your heart, as

l as over your words and actions, and
ı know that from the heart all evil
ings. Pray daily, dear boys, that God will
ɔress more strongly upon you the sense
His constant presence, and of His inti-
te acquaintance with your most secret
ughts; and this will prove a powerful
tive for striving earnestly to be holy as
is holy, pure as He is pure. But now let
go on, and see by what argument our
d answered these wicked cavillers."

Edward.—"He said, 'Whether is it easier
ay, Thy sins be forgiven thee, or to say,
ise and walk?'"

Mrs. S.—"And which do you think
uld be easier?"

Edward.—"The power of God would be
ded for both."

Mrs. S.—"Certainly, but I do not think
ı seem to follow the argument. Our
viour does not ask, 'which is easier, to
give sins or to heal the sick?' but,
hether is it easier to claim this power or
claim that?'"

Edward.—"But I do not see why it
uld be easier to claim the one than the
er."

Mrs. S.—"What our Lord meant was
s—'Supposing that I am an impostor, as
ı think, which claim can I more easily
ke without being detected?'"

Fred.—"I see; if he claimed the power of forgiving sins, no one could see whether they were forgiven or not; but if he claimed the power of healing the sick, every one could see whether they were healed or not."

Mrs. S.—"I see you understand it clearly, Frederick. Our Lord argued thus, 'I will shew My claim to be a true one, by a proof which you cannot gainsay;' and then He commanded the sick to be healed, which produced an effect visible to all; for at the word of power the man arose and departed to his house."

Edward.—"That was like the impotent man—the Lord's command gave him power to do what before he had no power to do."

Mrs. S.—"Now I wish you to think of the joy of the poor paralytic, when not only his disease had departed, but when he was relieved at a word from the far heavier burden of sin: those only who have experienced the same can know what he felt when those gracious words fell on his ear, 'Son be of good cheer, thy sins be forgiven thee.'"

Frederick at these words raised his eyes for a moment to her face, and then hastily turned aside to brush away a tear, but not before his aunt had seen enough to be sure that he had indeed experienced the bless-

ng she was speaking of. Edward drew a ittle closer to her side, and laid his hand in ıers without speaking.

She then went on—"And for those whose ins have been forgiven, what duty remains?"

Edward.—"To remember that we have ıeen purged from our old sins, and to go ınd sin no more." (2 *Peter* i. 9; *John* viii. 11.)

Frederick's answer was in the words of ıne of the texts which he had learned the ıay before, "Let all bitterness, and wrath, ınd anger, and clamour, and evil speaking, ıe put away from you, with all malice: and ıe ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, orgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you." (*Eph.* iv. 1, 32.)

Mrs. S.—"You are both right. The hought of the price our blessed Saviour ıaid to purge us from our sins, should surely each us to hate sin; and the thought of His forgiveness of us should surely make t easy for us to bear and forbear, to be ıot easily provoked, but to walk in love, as Christ also hath loved us, and given Himself for us."

As she spoke, she rose to go; Edward ıaving kissed her ran out to meet his uncle, whom he saw at that moment passing the

window. Frederick lingered behind, and as his aunt kissed him too, he clung to her saying, "I hope I shall never forget it; I will strive and pray; but O, Aunt Stanley, you don't know how hard it is to keep my temper in order!"

Mrs. Stanley considered a moment; then she answered gently, "Perhaps I cannot realize the difficulty, dear Frederick, but there is One who can—One who though praying on a mountain afar off, saw His disciples toiling in rowing, the wind being contrary. Do not give way to despair; think of that loving eye watching your efforts, of that powerful arm ready to be stretched out for your assistance; think much of Him, of His love and His gentleness, and ask often and fervently for His assistance; and though you may often fall, yet if you persevere, victory must be yours at last. I think you already know something of His being a very present help in trouble. May He bless you, my dear boy, and with His own right hand, and with His holy arm, secure to Himself the victory."

These words encouraged Frederick very much, and with a lightened heart, he followed his aunt to the breakfast-room, where the rest of the party soon assembled. Last of all William made his appearance; and

Frederick wished, though he could hardly hope, that he had been delayed by preparing the neglected task.

After breakfast, as the boys were leaving the room to settle how their last day together was to be most thoroughly enjoyed, Captain Howard called William back, and said, "You did not bring me your lesson yesterday, go and fetch it now. I suppose you learned it?"

But this question William did not find it convenient to answer; so he ran off hastily, as if to fetch his book; and now he was in great perplexity how to escape from the difficulty in which he had involved himself. His first impulse was to consult Frederick; but he felt instinctively that his brother's advice would not be the same as it would have been before this visit. "He would perhaps advise me to tell the truth," thought he, "that I forgot it yesterday, and neglected it this morning;" and for a moment this seemed to him the best thing he could do; but William had never accustomed himself to this kind of open, manly behaviour, and he hesitated. He looked into the book to see if there was any chance of his being able to learn it before returning to his father; for he could learn quickly by heart, and had often learned enough of a lesson, while the other boys were saying theirs, to escape actual

disgrace: but while he was looking for the place in the book, his father called again. In this moment of perplexity, his eye fell on a long piece of poetry, which he had learned before leaving school; and without giving himself time to think, he ran down stairs, placed the book in Captain Howard's hand, and repeated the poetry very fluently. When he had finished, his father praised the way in which he had said it, and then added doubtfully, "But surely, Willie, this is not the task I set you, is it?" then seeing the boy look confused and frightened, as he muttered something about a mistake, he laughed, and said, "You need not look so terrified; though you have made a mistake as to what you were to learn, you have made none in saying it: here, take your book:" and he left the room, without a suspicion of the truth crossing his mind. He could not have believed that his boy would have deceived him, even to escape a much more severe punishment than he had to expect in this instance.

And now William thought he had escaped all punishment: but he was mistaken, his punishment was beginning already: yet no one ever mentioned the subject to him again. Frederick was told by his papa how well William had said his lesson, and supposed that his brother had followed his

dvice: but he determined not to speak to im about it, lest he should think that he ras triumphing in his superior wisdom. No ne else knew anything about the matter, ut William could not easily forget it himelf. He had often played tricks at school, ut never such a deceitful trick as this, and ever before had he deceived his father. His onscience at first would not let him rest; rhen at last he got used to the feeling, and egan to forget, he thought his punishment ras over, but it was not so. The next ime he wished to cover some fault, it was asier for him to deceive; and again and gain he fell into the same sin, and each ime more easily than the last. At length is master began to suspect and watch him; nd William was often in disgrace before e set himself seriously to get the better of his sad habit; and when he did so, many nd long were his struggles, and deep his umiliation and misery, before he was horoughly cured: and the beginning of all is misery he always traced to this piece of leception successfully practised upon his ather.

CHAPTER XVII.

"Then draw we nearer, day by day,
Each to his brethren, all to God:
Let the world take us as she may,
We must not change our road;
Not wondering, though in grief, to find
The martyr's foe still keep his mind;
But fix'd to hold love's banner fast,
And by submission win at last."

NEXT morning the whole party were early astir. Captain Howard and his family had a long day's journey before them, and Mrs. Stanley and Edward were to go with them part of the way, and after enjoying the beautiful scenery through which their road lay, were to take leave of them and return home in the cool of the evening. This arrangement broke the pain of parting; yet Frederick felt his heart very sad as he entered his aunt's room to enjoy a few quiet words with her before their early breakfast. She turned to the Psalms, and pointed

to him many a lesson of trust and holy
idence in the God of Israel, who giveth
ngth and power unto His people. She
ved him the secret of David's child-like
idence. She quoted his expression of
idence: "Through God we shall do
antly:" and then pointed out the reason
he was so assured of this, "for He it
iat shall tread down our enemies." (*Ps.*
12.)

As long as we fight only in His name,
in His strength," she continued, "we
t conquer, for He is stronger than the
ngest; and we may say with David,
ito Thee, O my strength, will I sing;
God is my defence, and the God of my
cy.'" (*Ps.* lix. 17.)

hen, as Edward joined them, she pro-
d that both boys should try to make out
i the Bible a collection of texts which
ht be called, "*The Young Christian*
hier's Manual," containing suitable in-
ctions, encouragements, prayers, and
iksgivings, such as might be useful to
n in the warfare in which she trusted
were both really anxious to engage.

he boys caught eagerly at the idea, and
nce set about finding verses to serve as
imens of each class. As an example of
first, Edward chose, "Thou therefore
ire hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus

Christ;" (2 *Tim.* ii. 3.) and Frederick, "Put on the whole armour of God." (*Eph.* vi. 11.)

Mrs. Stanley suggested that there are many injunctions very suitable for the instruction of the young Christian soldier, which yet make no direct allusion to the warfare he is to maintain, such as, "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall;" "Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might;" "Be clothed with humility." (1 *Cor.* x. 12; *Eph.* vi. 10; 1 *Pet.* v. 5.)

Edward.—"Will not this do as an example of the encouragements given to the Christian soldier? 'Blessed is the man that endureth temptation; for when he is tried he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love Him.'" (*James* i. 12.)

Mrs. S.—"It will certainly do as one example: but there is another kind of encouragement quite as needful in the time of our conflict with evil—I mean the assurance of assistance from on high. God has mercifully promised us, not only reward if we conquer, but also His divine aid in conquering; so that we may well say with St. Paul, 'Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.'" (1 *Cor.* xv. 57.)

Fred.—"That will do for one of our

hanksgivings, but will you please give us n example of the encouragements you poke of?"

Mrs. S.—"With pleasure:—'God is faithul, who will not suffer you to be tempted bove that ye are able: but will with the emptation also make a way to escape, that e may be able to bear it.' (1 *Cor.* x. 13.) here is a very beautiful one also in Isaiah hich occurs to me:—'When the enemy hall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the ord shall lift up a standard against him.'" *Isa.* lix. 19.)

Fred.—"These are beautiful and most ncouraging."

Edward.—"Then, for prayers—I suppose e must look for them principally in the salms. Here is one which I think will do, Hold up my goings in Thy paths, that my ootsteps slip not.'" (*Ps.* xvii. 5.)

Fred.—"There is a better one, I think, urther on in that Psalm, Edward:—'Show hy marvellous loving-kindness, O Thou that avest by Thy right hand them which put heir trust in Thee from those that rise up gainst them; keep me as the apple of the ye; hide me under the shadow of Thy ings.'" (*Ps.* xvii. 7, 8.)

Mrs. S.—"I think you understand the lea I wish you to work out; and if you *eep in mind* that in your baptism you

were yourselves enlisted into the army of the Lord, it will give you a more personal interest in the verses you find, whether they contain words of instruction, encouragement, prayer, or praise:—may they all assist you manfully to fight 'under His banner against sin, the world, and the devil, and to continue Christ's faithful soldiers and servants unto your life's end."

So saying Mrs. Stanley rose, for the breakfast-bell had rung, and it was desirable to lose no time. The day was one of great enjoyment to all. The three elder boys had their places outside Captain Howard's carriage, but they were far more often to be seen chasing each other on the road; and they were able to keep up with the carriage without difficulty, as both on account of the steepness of the way, and of the beauty of the scenery, the coachman had orders to drive very slowly.

At length the time of parting arrived, and Edward felt very sad as he saw his uncle's carriage drive away; but he was comforted when he heard his mother's gentle voice, and remembered that she was still with him, and that she was dearer to him than all the world besides.

As they drove home, Edward recounted all the pleasures of the last ten days. Mrs. Stanley reminded him of the fears he had

ılt when he first heard that his cousins ere coming.

"But then, mamma," he replied, "everyıing has turned out very differently from hat I expected."

Mrs. S.—"Let this be a lesson to you ırough life, my dear boy. Trust in God, owever difficult or dangerous your course ay appear; and depend upon it, that He ill not leave you in the midst of tempıtions or dangers too strong for you."

"I will try, mamma," answered Edward, ıoughtfully. "How very good God is," he lded, after a pause: "He has given me a iend who will be a great help at school; ıd do you know, mamma, I was more raid of Frederick's laughing at me than anything else."

Mrs. Stanley looked pleased as she anvered, "And now, instead of this, I hope ıd trust that a friendship is begun between ou which will last for eternity."

Edward.—"Yes, and with Charles Selby o; how good God is to give us such easant, useful friendships."

Mrs. S.—"He is indeed, dear Edward; ıd, do you know, I think we may find here ıother illustration of the water turned ıto wine. Earthly friendship is as pure ater, very refreshing to the spirit of man *this weary* world; but when it is sanc-

tified by a Saviour's blessing, when it is based on the deeper, firmer foundation of Christian love, when we can look forward with humble confidence to being still friends when this perishing world shall have passed away; then, indeed, is our friendship ennobled, and then ought we to lift up our souls in fervent gratitude to Him who has turned the water of earth into the wine of heaven."

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Then, rouse thee from desponding sleep,
Nor by the wayside lingering weep,
Nor fear to seek Him farther in the wild,
Whose love can turn earth's worst and least
Into a conqueror's royal feast:
Thou wilt not be untrue, thou shalt not be beguil'd."

NEXT morning, when Edward came down stairs, he felt wearied in body and spirit, and very much inclined to be fretful and discontented. His mother advised him to set vigorously to work at some employment, and in compliance with her advice he took his Catechism, and soon became so engrossed in his occupation that all idea of discontent was forgotten.

When he had finished, she told him that she had a pleasure in store for him, which she was sure he would enjoy the more from not having given way to a fit of idleness and ill-humour. Edward's eyes brightened as he eagerly asked what pleasure she meant.

His mother answered, that on the day which he and his cousins had spent at Grange Bank, she had called on Mrs. Selby, and had obtained permission for Charles and his little sister to pay her a visit; "and they are to come to-day," she continued; "so if you like to go with me in the carriage to fetch them, you may. I am going immediately after dinner."

Edward joyfully accepted this proposal, and then he asked why she had not told him this piece of news before.

Mrs. S.—"Why, Edward, I foresaw that the parting with your cousins would be a grief to you, and I thought you would be the better for this news as a pleasant surprise to comfort you: but there is the dinner-bell, let us take our dinner, and then we can set out."

It would be difficult to say which of the two boys enjoyed their meeting the most. Charles Selby had been looking forward to it with delight, and ran out as soon as he saw the carriage approaching the house. Mrs. Stanley found that Mrs. Selby was too unwell to see her; so as soon as the little girl was brought down by Mrs. Spellman, they set off on their return. The two boys would have preferred walking; but when this was proposed, little Anna looked so shy and frightened, that her brother at once gave

up his own inclination, and they all went home together. The afternoon passed happily and quickly away, and Edward wondered to find himself so much reconciled to the loss of his cousins.

Next morning was Sunday, and the earlier part of the day was spent as usual; in the evening Edward explained to Charles the plan of the "*Young Christian Soldier's Manual*," into which he entered very heartily; and they found and discussed many verses before they went to bed. Mrs. Stanley encouraged them to work at it by themselves, although occasionally she gave them her opinion when they appealed to her in a difficulty. Edward asked his mother if he should come to her before breakfast next morning; but she said she thought it would be better to go back to their after-breakfast hour; "and perhaps Charles may like to join us at that time, Edward," she added.

Charles was delighted, and went to bed with the feeling of home already gathering close round his heart.

Next morning they met, accordingly, after breakfast, in the sitting-room, and Mrs. Stanley chose the miracle of the feeding the five thousand.

The boys read the account of the miracle in each of the four Gospels, and then Mrs.

Stanley asked, "What reason is given for our Lord's retiring at this time into a desert place?"

Edward.—"The death of John the Baptist."

Charles.—"To give his disciples time to rest and eat."

Mrs. S.—"In these reasons we see exhibited the wise caution, and also the kind consideration, of our blessed Saviour; and from each a lesson may be learned."

Edward.—"Yes, I should not like to seem to avoid a danger, and yet this is what our Saviour did."

Mrs. S.—"The great mistake we are apt to make is to forget that we are not our own. We are the children and the servants of a Father and Master in heaven, and we have no right needlessly to put ourselves in danger, or to wear out our powers of usefulness for want of a little care in taking proper rest and refreshment in our labours."

Charles.—"But do you not think there is danger of considering these things too much, and of growing cowardly and self-indulgent?"

Mrs. S.—"Certainly there is; but not while we look on our blessed Saviour's example as our model. When His hour was come, how willingly did He surrender Himself into the hands of His bitter enemies; and He Himself gives us the key to under-

His manner of acting on other occa-
when He says, 'I must work the
of Him that sent Me while it is day,
ight cometh when no man can work.'
ix. 4.) Let us take as the aim of our
vhat our Saviour tells us was the aim
ɜ: 'I came down from heaven, not to
ne own will, but the will of Him that
le;' (*John* vi. 38.) and this will effec-
guard us from rashness or fool-hardy
ssness on the one hand, and from self-
;ence or cowardly shrinking on the
but let us now consider the miracle."
vard.—"The people followed Him in
multitudes, and He had compassion
them, and began to teach them many
."
ɜ. *S.*—"Now do you observe that there
ight difference in the manner in which
ɔry is told by the different Evangelists?
rles.—"Yes; St. John says that our
spoke first to Philip about the diffi-
of feeding the people; and the other
;elists seem to say that the disciples
uggested to Him to send the multi-
away."
ɜ. *S.*—"I have heard a very easy ex-
;ion of this, and one which, I think,
ɜlf conveys a useful lesson; it is that
in the afternoon our Saviour may have
ı *to Philip*, and may then have left the

difficulty to work in the minds of the disciples, till they were led to confess that they could see no human means for meeting it; that so they might be prepared for the miracle He was about to perform."

Edward.—"And if so, it had exactly that effect; for they seem to have had no other plan to propose but that the people should be sent away to buy themselves meat."

Mrs. S.—"Their way of speaking of the two hundred pence shows that they considered it to be an impossibility to raise such a sum, or to obtain such a supply of food in the wilderness; and here comes in the lesson I wish you to notice. We may often in life seem to be hedged in by difficulties on every side, so that it may appear that there is no way of escape. But all this may be intended to teach us feelingly to acknowledge our weakness and inability—'that it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps'—and when we have acknowledged this from the depths of a perplexed and sorrowful heart, then God steps in, and often opens up our way, by means as little to be expected as those He made use of in this miracle, and, perhaps, apparently as inadequate to their object as were the five loaves and two small fishes to the *wants of* so great a multitude."

Edward.—"I should never have thought

of drawing that lesson from this miracle; but it is a very beautiful one."

Mrs. S.—"And a very consoling and very useful one. We must remember that the Lord may 'tempt' or prove us, as He did Philip, by the greatness of our difficulties; but O let us never despair, but always remember that we are in the hands of an omnipotent, a wise, and a most loving Father, who knows what is best for us, and can and will protect and guide us, to our life's end, if only we will trust in Him. But there is more to consider in this miracle before we leave it."

Edward.—"The people ate and were satisfied, and twelve baskets were filled with the fragments. I remember that Mr. Price told us not to waste anything, because our Saviour bade His disciples gather up the fragments, that nothing might be lost."

Mrs. S.—"And there is one thing in particular of which we should be especially careful to gather up the fragments, and that is, our time: lost minutes can never be recalled, and yet how many of these fragments do we lose every day, for which we have no improvement, nor even any enjoyment to show."

Charles.—"I remember reading this miracle with my father, and he showed me

that we must never be afraid of following our Saviour wherever He leads, even though it be into a desert place: but we should always remember that He can bring water from the rock for us to drink, and can feed us, if necessary, not merely with the five loaves and two fishes, but even with bread from heaven."

Mrs. S.—"And in the 'desert place,' which this world may in some sense be called, far from our true home, He does constantly feed His own with bread from heaven, even with His body which was given for the life of the world: and then, like Elijah the prophet, who was fed in the wilderness with bread provided for him by the angel of the Lord, we may go in the strength of that meat unto the true Horeb, the mount of God."

CHAPTER XIX.

"Only, since our souls will shrink
At the touch of natural grief,
When our earthly loved ones sink,
Lend us, Lord, Thy sure relief;
Patient hearts their pain to see,
And Thy grace to follow Thee."

NEXT morning, after breakfast, the little party assembled again in Mrs. Stanley's sitting-room. The miracle which she chose was the cure of the nobleman's son, related in the fourth chapter of St. John. When they had finished reading the account of it, Edward asked what there was in the nobleman's conduct to deserve reproof; for Mr. Price had told them that our Saviour's words, "Except ye see signs and wonders, ye will not believe," were meant as a reproof.

Mrs. S.—"From these words it is evident that this nobleman was driven to our Saviour by the strong constraint of an outward need, which none but He could supply,

and not, as some others, by the inner necessities of his soul. It was the feeling of earnest desire for his son's recovery, and of despair of any other mode of relief, that brought him to his Saviour's feet. He had some faith, or he would not have come at all; but that it was both weak in degree, and imperfect in its nature, is proved by the answer he made. What was his reply?"

Edward.—" 'Lord, come down, ere my child die;' but I do not understand what this answer proves."

Mrs. S.—" Can you explain it, Charles?"

Charles.—" I think it showed that he thought it necessary for our Lord to come down, as though He could not cure the child by a word spoken at a distance."

Mrs. S.—" Quite right; but there is something more than this. He said, 'Lord, come down, *ere* my child die.'"

Edward.—" O, I see what you mean—as if He had not power to raise the dead; yes, I understand, how his faith was both weak and imperfect."

Charles.—" I remember my father making me observe what a contrast this nobleman's conduct affords to that of the centurion, who said that he was not worthy that Jesus should come under his roof, but that *if He* would but speak the word his servant *should* be healed."

Mrs. S.—"I was just about to point this out to you, and it is interesting to notice the different treatment they received from the Searcher of all hearts."

Edward.—"Yes—Jesus offered to go and heal the servant, and then commended the centurion highly before all the people."

Mrs. S.—"Yet, though the treatment was different, we can read the same loving mercy and wisdom in each instance."

Edward.—"The nobleman's son was healed, though his faith was so weak."

Mrs. S.—"He certainly was, but this was not the greatest mercy the nobleman received. The very refusal to go with him exercised his faith, and in the exercise strengthened it, so that we read at the end of the story, 'himself believed and his whole house;' and now what do you think is the practical lesson I wish you to draw from the whole?"

Charles fixed his eyes intelligently on her face without speaking. Edward answered gently, "He may try our faith, too, mamma."

Mrs. S.—"He may, indeed, and often does; and this for two reasons, to show us our weakness if we fail, and to strengthen our faith by exercising it, just as He did in the case of this nobleman, the sisters of

Lazarus, the Syrophenician woman, and many more while He was on earth. Do you remember any verses in the Bible about faith being tried?"

Charles.—"I think in the first chapter of St. James there is something about it. Here is the verse I mean—'My brethren, count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations: knowing that the trying of your faith worketh patience;' (*James* i. 2, 3.) and St. Paul speaks somewhere of 'tribulation working patience, and patience experience, and experience hope.'" (*Rom.* v. 3, 4.)

Mrs. S.—"There is something very beautiful in the order in which these several graces are arranged, taking the two passages together as you have done. In tribulation, or such a trying of our faith as St. James calls 'temptation,' the exercise of our faith works patience, and patience works experience of God's mighty strength to save—that He is indeed a very present help in trouble—and the sure confidence, derived from the experience of past mercy, is the strongest ground of a reasonable hope in all future times of trial, 'such hope as maketh not ashamed.' But what is to be thought of us if the remembrance of past deliverances *fails to* work such trust in God's mercy,

as will remove the fear of any evil tidings, our heart standing fast, trusting in the Lord?"

Neither of the boys made any answer, and Mrs. Stanley continued—"This, we may be sure, must be highly displeasing to God; and indeed we find it to be so in the account given us of His dealings with His chosen people. In many of the Psalms you will find such passages."

Charles and Edward turned over the leaves of their Bibles, and read:—

"Yea, they spake against God, they said, Can God furnish a table in the wilderness? Behold He smote the rock that the waters gushed out, and the streams overflowed, but can He give bread also? Can He provide flesh for His people? Therefore the Lord heard this, and He was wroth, so a fire was kindled against Jacob, and anger also came up against Israel. Because they believed not in God, and trusted not in His salvation." (*Ps.* lxxviii. 19—22.) "They forgat God, their Saviour, which had done great things in Egypt; wondrous things in the land of Ham, and terrible things by the Red Sea. Therefore He said that He would destroy them." (*Ps.* cvi. 21—23.)

"But, mamma," said Edward, as he finished reading, "these were real deliver-

ances; I do not see how they apply in the same way to us."

Mrs. Stanley turned to Charles, and asked him what he thought of this objection.

Charles answered gently, "I think our deliverances are so much greater than theirs that we ought to have even more certain trust."

Mrs. S.—"You are right, my dear boy. 'He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things?' (*Rom.* viii. 32.) But if we start with the firm trust which we ought to draw from such a passage as this, we shall, in the course of our pilgrimage through the world, find temporal deliverances sufficiently striking to fill us with wonder at the wisdom, power, and goodness of our God. Such things happen to all, but too many take no heed of them. Let us not be like them, but let us lay to heart the words of the Psalmist: 'Whoso is wise and will observe these things, even they shall understand the loving-kindness of the Lord.' (*Ps.* cvii. 43.) In every time of trial call earnestly on Him, either He will remove the burden, or He will show His loving power in a still more marvellous manner, by sustaining you under it: in *either case* His promise will surely be ful-

filled: 'Call upon Me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me.'" (*Ps.* l. 15.)

So ended the conversation: and as Edward gaily kissed his mother, and left the room with Charles, he little thought how soon the truth of her words was to be made clear to him by experience.

Mrs. Stanley was at that very time feeling far from well, and before the boys returned from their walk, in spite of all her efforts to keep up, she was obliged to go to bed and send for medical advice. The boys spent a dull day, and went to bed at night feeling rather desolate, but hoping, and indeed confidently expecting, that she would be better next day.

The event, however, proved very different. When Edward was allowed to visit his mother, late on the following afternoon, boy as he was, he was shocked at the change which so few hours had produced on her appearance. Her cheeks, usually so pale, were flushed with fever, her eyes unnaturally bright, her lips parched, and her voice almost inaudible, as with her own sweet smile of welcome she held out her hand to him, and blessed her boy.

As Edward left her room, Mr. Leslie entered it, and soon after came to the drawing-room where the boys were sitting. He

charged them to be very quiet—an order which they did not need to have repeated. He told them that he was going to take little Anna home, as there was no one at leisure to attend to her; but that he hoped to obtain permission for Charles to remain and keep Edward company; Edward's tearful eyes thanked him for the kind thought.

Poor boy, he hardly knew what he feared, he only felt that he was entirely wretched. He could hardly speak, or eat, or play; he was too miserable even to think; and but for the company of his young friend he must have sunk altogether.

Night came at last, and as he knelt in his little room before going to bed, and repeated the evening prayer which his mother had taught him, his heart became lighter; he hoped God would have mercy upon him and soon make her well; and with this feeling of comfort he crept into bed, and soon forgot all his fears and sorrows in deep sleep.

This was, however, only the first drop in Edward's cup of trial; and as day after day passed away, and still there was no improvement, the Doctor began to look grave, and Mr. Leslie never left the patient's room without a glistening eye.

Edward was still allowed to see her for a few minutes every day, and this was a great consolation to him. Charles Selby did all

in his power to comfort him; and his deep sympathy was very soothing to the poor boy. Charles advised him not to give up his Bible reading, assuring him that he knew by experience that this was by far the best source of comfort: so the two boys read together regularly, morning and evening, and besides spent some time every day in finding verses for their "Manual," and in other Bible exercises. Besides this, Edward did not neglect his school lessons; he took great pains also in preparing his Catechism for Mr. Leslie; and tried in other ways to keep his mind occupied, that he might not brood over his troubles.

As soon as Captain Howard heard of his sister's illness he came to Lynmere; but when he found that he was not even allowed to see her, he thought it best to return home, and proposed taking Edward with him; but the boy begged so hard to be permitted to remain, and Mrs. Stanley herself so much enjoyed the daily sight of him, that Mr. Leslie recommended his being left where he was.

After this illness had lasted about a fortnight, Mr. Leslie, on leaving Mrs. Stanley's room one evening, called Edward to him, and led him sadly and gently into the sitting-room. Edward had not been there since the morning on which they had read *the miracle* of the nobleman's son; and the

remembrance of their conversation, with the thought of all that had taken place since, was too much for him. He covered his face with his hands, and wept aloud.

Mr. Leslie could not speak for some time. He laid his hand caressingly on the boy's head, and at length said in a broken voice, "God bless you, my poor child, and give you strength and comfort to support you in this time of sore trial."

Edward was frightened by Mr. Leslie's manner, as well as by his words. He raised his head hastily, fixed his eyes on the old man's face, and said, in a voice steadied by excessive emotion, "Is mamma worse?"

Mr. Leslie answered in a very low tone, "I will not deceive you, Edward, indeed it would be wrong to do so. Your mamma is ill, very ill; so ill indeed that it is doubtful whether she will live to see another morning's sun. A most alarming change has taken place this afternoon; let us pray, dear boy, for I never felt more need for strength from on high—let us pray."

He knelt, and Edward mechanically fell on his knees beside him. The poor child was quite stunned; for fearful and sad as he had been, the idea of immediate danger had not occurred to him. The worst he had dreaded was that his mamma would not be well enough to leave her bed before he returned to school.

Of this Mr. Leslie was not at all aware, otherwise he would have been more cautious in breaking the intelligence to him. The boy had been so completely out of spirits, and the danger had been so apparent, that Mr. Leslie quite thought that Edward also knew the danger. He was undeceived, however, when, in the course of his prayer, the truth coming home to Edward's mind, the poor boy suddenly threw himself on the ground, exclaiming passionately, "O mamma, mamma! I cannot, cannot, let you die; I cannot live without you, mamma! my own mamma!"

It was in vain that Mr. Leslie tried to soothe him; Edward could not listen, he could not be still, but continued sobbing violently, refusing all words of comfort, and exclaiming at intervals, "I cannot part with mamma, indeed I cannot!"

At length Mr. Leslie, feeling it necessary to return to Mrs. Stanley, left the room, and sent Charles Selby to take his place. When Charles came in, he threw his arms around Edward's neck, and softly whispered, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee. Call upon Me in the day of trouble, I will sustain thee, and thou shalt glorify Me."

These were the last words which he had heard from his mother, on that miserable

Tuesday on which she was taken ill. This and Charles Selby's tone of deep sympathy had their effect. His sobs became less violent; and when Charles went on to tell him how well he knew what bitter suffering it was; and when he reminded him that it was of God's sending, and, he might be sure, was for his good, Edward raised himself from the floor; and though still weeping bitterly, he felt that the sore pain of rebellion against God's will was over.

Charles went on to remind him how blessed a thing it would be for his mother to be free from all earthly pain and sorrow; and then Edward thought of the joy of her meeting with his father in heaven; and in dwelling upon the idea of his mother's gain he for the time forgot his own unutterable loss. Charles now proposed that they should pray, and Edward thankfully joined him in some of those prayers in the Liturgy, which, I believe, can never be fully appreciated till they have been offered up from the depths of a heart nearly broken by heavy sorrow.

They prayed that their heavenly Father would mercifully look upon their infirmities, and, for the glory of His name, turn from them all those evils which they confessed they had most righteously deserved; and Edward felt the unspeakable blessing of a heart entirely resigned to God's will, what-

ver that will might be, as he joined in the
etition, "And grant that in all our troubles
e may put our whole trust and confidence
Thy mercy, and evermore serve Thee in
oliness and pureness of living, to Thy
onour and glory; through our only Media-
r and Advocate, Jesus Christ our Lord.
men."

The Lord's Prayer, too, seemed to him
ll of new meaning. The words, "Our
ather, which art in heaven," gave him the
ea of fatherly love and protection, even
ould he be deprived, so early, of both his
rthly parents. When he repeated the
ords, "Hallowed be thy name," it was
th the earnest wish that he might indeed
enabled to hallow that name, by perfect
bmission to His will; that he might have
ace to say with his heart as well as with
s lips, those words of deep meaning, so
en thoughtlessly repeated, "Thy will be
ne in earth as it is in heaven." And when
came to that grand ascription of praise
th which our Lord's Prayer concludes,
For Thine is the kingdom, the power, and
e glory, for ever and ever, Amen,"—he
t far more thankful than he had ever
t before, that all events are indeed ordered
an all-wise, all-powerful, and all-loving,
ther. And with a heart now quite at
ace, he committed himself, his mother,

and all that so deeply concerned him, into that Father's hand, feeling comforted in the certainty that, whatever might be the end, all would be well.

My young readers may wonder that Edward was able so soon to attain this spirit of perfect resignation; but they must remember how hard he had been striving to please God, and to be His loving, obedient child; and now God was graciously rewarding his efforts by giving him grace to resign, with a willing heart, all that he most prized, at his Father's bidding. God was now fulfilling His own promise. Edward had called on Him in the day of trouble, he had cast his burden on the Lord, and though that burden was not removed, the Lord sustained him under it.

As the boys rose from their knees, Mr. Leslie returned: Edward begged him to forgive the wayward and perverse spirit he had at first shown, and was much comforted when Mr. Leslie again laid his hand on his head, and prayed God to bless, comfort, and strengthen him.

Mr. Leslie then told him, that if he thought he could be quiet and composed, he might come and kiss his mother once more; and Edward, with a secret prayer for assistance, silently bowed his head, and followed to the sick room.

His mother lay perfectly still, yet she opened her eyes and smiled on him, as he bent over her and kissed her brow; and he thought she whispered a blessing upon him as he turned to leave her. He then, at Mr. Leslie's desire, went quietly to bed, and exhausted by the agony and struggle he had undergone, he was soon fast asleep.

CHAPTER XX.

"O Father, not My will, but Thine be done;
So spake the Son:
Be this our charm, mellowing earth's ruder noise
Of griefs and joys,
That we may cling for ever to Thy breast
In perfect rest."

NEXT morning Edward slept longer than usual; when he awoke it was with a vague feeling of evil hanging over him; but at first he could not sufficiently collect his thoughts to understand what was the matter. When he remembered all that had passed the evening before, a bitter cry burst from his lips, and he started from his bed to run and make inquiries after his mother. But the next moment he stopped short. He trembled at the idea of making that a certainty which he could hardly bear to think of even as a possibility; and in an agony of grief he threw himself on his knees. *The evil* spirit of rebellion against God's

will was again striving hard for the mastery; but it had been conquered once, and he resolved by God's grace to conquer again; and almost mechanically he commenced repeating the Lord's Prayer. When he came to the petition, "Thy will be done," he felt it almost a mockery to repeat it with his quivering lips and bursting heart; but with a strong effort he forced himself to be calm, and said it over again and again, till the tumult within him had subsided, and he felt that he could indeed make it the language of his heart as well as of his lips. Then, and not till then, he rose from his knees, and at the same moment he heard Mr. Leslie approaching the door. Dreading to have his worst fears confirmed, the poor boy sat motionless: his heart almost ceased to beat, and he could not raise his eyes when Mr. Leslie entered, for fear of reading in his face that all was over. His good friend came towards him, smiling kindly upon him; but the only words he said were, "Thank God."

Edward now ventured to look up; he saw in that smile how very merciful God had been to him; the sudden change was almost too much for him, but in the excess of his joy, the only words he could use were the *same which* had given him such consolation

in his hour of heavy trial; and Mr. Leslie had seldom been more touched than when he saw the boy, with clasped hands, striving to give expression to the feelings which almost overpowered him, by uttering, in tones of the most fervent gratitude, those divine words, "Thy will be done."

Edward soon became more composed, and listened eagerly to all that Mr. Leslie could tell him. After he had seen his mother the night before, she had continued to sink rapidly, and had become so low that more than once her attendants thought that all was over. About midnight she began to rally. At first they feared that it was but the last flickering of the expiring torch of life; but there had since been steady progress, though it was so slow as to be almost imperceptible. She had now fallen quietly asleep, and the Doctor ventured to hope that, when she awoke, it would be found that the crisis was past.

Mr. Leslie was now going to seek the rest and refreshment which he so greatly needed after a night of such terrible anxiety; and he left Edward to dress himself, and to announce the joyful news to Charles Selby.

Poor Charles had felt deeply for Edward the night before: he had been vividly reminded of all that he had himself endured so short a time before, during the illness of

his beloved father. He had found no difficulty in obeying the injunction of the Apostle, to "weep with them that weep;" he was now called to a harder task, to "rejoice with them that rejoice." When he thought of his own desolate lot, it was at first an effort to him to sympathise heartily in Edward's joy: but he knew how utterly unworthy such wicked feelings are of a professed servant of Him who "pleased not Himself." He prayed earnestly that all repining thoughts might be put far from him: that God would teach him to rejoice in the joy of others, although all around seemed dark and gloomy to himself; and his prayer was heard—heavenly peace was shed abroad in his heart, he was enabled to submit his will in perfect resignation to his own appointed lot; and his reward was, that in sympathising with Edward's joy, he became a sharer in it, and learned that there might yet be much happiness in store for him even in this world, though not exactly in the way he used to anticipate.

From this time Mrs. Stanley continued to amend steadily but slowly; and soon Edward had the exceeding joy of being allowed to sit with her a little while; and though he was forbidden to speak to her, it was happiness indeed to gaze on that *sweet face* which he had once feared he

should never look upon again. Then, as she gained a little strength, he was allowed to converse with her for a short time every day; and by degrees she was able to hear and be interested in all that he had been occupied with during her illness. Then he showed her the "Manual" which he and Charles had been working at. At the end of the book I will give the verses they had chosen, that my young readers may examine them, and try, if they please, to carry out the idea further for themselves. Edward showed his mamma some lines which Charles had chosen as a motto for the little "Manual," and was much pleased when she approved of them, and told him that they had been great favourites with his own father.

Another day Edward showed her his list of the miracles; but this he had made out alone, as he considered that it would not be right to receive assistance from Charles Selby in preparing a school exercise. His complete list also will be found at the end of the volume.

Besides these occupations the boys had made a collection of all the wild flowers they could find, and had dried them very neatly. Charles had had some lessons in botany from his father, and with the assistance of a book, kindly lent to them by Mr. Leslie,

they had found out the names of most of the flowers.

All this pleased Mrs. Stanley very much; she was delighted to find that her little boy had had a companion so able and willing to interest and occupy his mind during her illness; and she wished, almost as much as the boys themselves, that Mr. Leslie might be successful in an application he had made to have Charles Selby admitted into Mr. Price's school after the holidays. But, alas! the answer to Mr. Leslie's letter came: there was no vacancy at present, and Mr. Price regretted that it would be impossible for him to receive a new boy.

This was a terrible disappointment to both the boys, for Edward knew that there had been a vacancy, and they had confidently counted upon his being received. However, they were both resolved not to murmur; they looked forward to meeting at Christmas, and hoped that there might then be a place for Charles.

And now the holidays were ended; the last day had come. Mrs. Stanley, though very weak, was now able to lie on the sofa for an hour or two in the evening; the colour was beginning to return to her pale cheek, and she was allowed to talk a little,

but very little, on the last evening which her son was to spend with her.

Edward naturally was very low: he had taken leave of his friend Charles. Charles also was much grieved at parting with him, and looked forward sadly to the months that must pass before he could hope to be received at Mr. Price's. It was arranged that he was to remain quietly at home during the autumn, still attending the academy; and that at present nothing should be finally fixed for his future movements. Still the boys, though sad, were contented, and very thankful for the pleasure they had already been allowed to enjoy together. Edward was in a glow of gratitude whenever he remembered how his mother had been spared to him, and he resolved to dedicate himself more entirely to the service of the good God who had done such great things for him.

Before he went to bed, he read to his mother, at her desire, the miracle of the fruitless fig-tree; and with deep interest, and earnest desire to follow her teaching, he listened to the few words she was able to say to him. She showed him that the tree was not cursed simply for its barrenness; for this we read was naturally ac*counted* for—"the time of figs was not yet."

Edward.—"Then why was the tree cursed?"

Mrs. S.—"For making a profession of bearing fruit, which on nearer examination, proved to be wanting."

Edward.—"I understand. By putting forth leaves it professed to have fruit, for the fruit should come first."

Mrs. S.—"Exactly so, and this was the reason of the curse: it did not act up to its profession: and here, dear Edward, is a lesson of warning for us. In our baptism we were all made professed servants of the Lord Jesus Christ; and, besides this, on occasions of deep feeling, we are often led to make earnest professions of love and loyalty to our Lord and Master. Let us be careful, by His grace and by the aid of His Holy Spirit, to act up to our professions, to walk worthy of the vocation wherewith we are called; and O, may He in His mercy grant that the consideration of His love, His power, and His wisdom, as shewn in each of these miracles which we have been considering, and as further shewn to ourselves during the last few weeks, may lead us to trust Him more perfectly, and to serve Him more earnestly for the rest of our lives."

Edward could not speak his answer; but God who searcheth the heart knew how deep was his wish, how earnest his resolu-

tion, as he bent over his mother and fervently kissed her brow.

At that moment a parcel was put into his hand. It was from Mr. Leslie, and contained a beautiful copy of "The Christian Year." On the fly leaf was written "Edward Stanley from his affectionate friend and Pastor," and underneath, the words—"Thine own friend, and thy father's friend, forsake not." (*Prov.* xxvii. 10.)

There was also a note, which made Edward's eye even brighter than it had been on seeing Mr. Leslie's kind present. Mr. Price had written again to say, that one of the pupils whom he had expected had failed him, and that he would therefore be happy immediately to receive Charles Selby in his place.

Thus was this last cloud swept away from Edward's prospects; and it was with a very thankful heart that he went to bed that night, although the holidays were over, and although he had taken leave of his mother, and was to return to school early next morning.

And here we, too, must take leave of Edward—all I can tell about him is, that so long as he continued to feel and act according to the lessons which he had learned *during* these holidays, he would be a happy *boy,* whatever his outward circumstances

might be: and if these pages should be the means of giving new ideas on these important subjects to any of my young readers, it will not have been in vain that I have given them this account of Edward Stanley and his holidays at Lynmere.

APPENDIX I.

"THE YOUNG CHRISTIAN SOLDIER'S MANUAL:"

CONTAINING SUITABLE EXHORTATIONS, PRAYERS, ENCOURAGEMENTS, AND PRAISE.

"QUIT YOU LIKE MEN, BE STRONG."

"FAINT not, and fret not, for threatened woe,
Watchman on Truth's grey height!
Few though the faithful, and fierce though the foe,
Weakness is aye Heaven's might.

Quail not, and quake not, thou warder bold,
Be there no friend in sight;
Turn thee to question the days of old,
When weakness was aye Heaven's might.

Time's years are many, Eternity one,
And one is the Infinite;
The chosen are few, few the deeds well done,
For scantness is still Heaven's might."

Lyra Apostolica.

EXHORTATIONS.

"Seize the banner, spread its fold!
Seize it with no faltering hold!
Spread its foldings high and fair,
Let all see the Cross is there!"

Lyra Apostolica.

"And ye are pledged to do and bear
Where'er Christ's banner leads;
Come, take your crosses in your hands,
True love is shown by deeds."

Verses for Holy Seasons.

"Oh, dream no more of quiet life;
Care finds the careless out; more wise to bow
Thine heart entire to Faith's pure strife;
So peace will come, thou knowest not when or how."

Lyra Apostolica.

Ps. xxxi. 24.—"Be of good courage, and He shall strengthen your heart, all ye that hope in the Lord."

Isaiah xxvi. 4.—"Trust ye in the Lord for ever: for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength."

2 *Tim.* ii. 3.—"Thou therefore endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ."

Rom. xii. 21.—"Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good."

1 *Tim.* vi. 12.—"Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life, whereunto thou art also called."

Mark xiii. 37.—"What I say unto you, I say unto *all, Watch.*"

Col. iv. 2.—"Continue in prayer, and watch in the same with thanksgiving."

Col. iii. 23.—"And whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord, and not unto men."

Heb. vi. 12.—"Be not slothful, but followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises."

Eph. vi. 11.—"Put on the whole armour of God."

1 *Pet.* v. 8, 9.—"Be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour; whom resist, stedfast in the faith."

PRAYERS BEFORE BATTLE.

"Now, Lord, our sky begins to lower,
Draws near the awful battle hour,
Save us, we pray, from Satan's power,
Look down, O Lord, and save.

Behold, our bitter foes appear,
Our fainting hearts sink down with fear,
Jesus, our Saviour, be thou near,
Redeemer, hear and save.

Humbly we kneel before Thy throne,
Our trust is placed in Thee alone,
O Lord of hosts, protect Thine own,
And be Thou near to save."

Ps. xxv. 2.—"O my God, I trust in Thee: *let me* not be ashamed; let not mine enemies *triumph* over me."

's. cxix. 133.—" Order my steps in Thy d: and let not any iniquity have dominion r me."

's. xxii. 19.—" Be not Thou far from me, ord: O my strength, haste Thee to help "

's. xxxv. 1.—" Plead my cause, O Lord, with n that strive with me: fight against them fight against me."

's. xvii. 5, 7, 8.—" Hold up my goings in y paths, that my footsteps slip not. Show y marvellous loving-kindness, O Thou that est by Thy right hand them which put their t in Thee from those that rise up against m. Keep me as the apple of the eye; hide under the shadow of Thy wings."

ENCOURAGEMENTS BEFORE BATTLE.

" O fear not, though the battle lower,
For in temptation's darkest hour
I can protect from Satan's power,
And I, the Lord, will save.

What though your bitter foes appear,
Sink not, ye fainting hearts, with fear,
For I, the Lord of hosts, am near,
And I am strong to save.

Then while you kneel before My throne
Put all your trust in Me alone,
I will protect and keep Mine own,
I will be near to save."

Isa. xli. 10.—"Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of My righteousness."

Isa. lix. 19.—"When the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him."

1 *Cor.* x. 13.—"God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it."

James iv. 7.—"Resist the devil, and he will flee from you."

Ps. xxix. 11.—"The Lord will give strength unto His people; the Lord will bless His people with peace."

Ps xxxiv. 7.—"The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them."

Ps. lv. 22.—"Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee: He shall never suffer the righteous to be moved."

EXPRESSIONS OF CONFIDENCE BEFORE BATTLE.

"What, though our sky begins to lower,
And nearer draws the battle hour,
Yet will we trust in Jesu's power,
For He is strong to save.

So when our bitter foes appear,
Our hearts shall neither faint nor fear,
The Lord of hosts is ever near,
And He will hear and save.

Then while we kneel before His throne,
Our trust shall be in Him alone,
He will protect and guard his own,
And He is strong to save."

Ps. lxxi. 16.—"I will go in the strength of the Lord God: I will make mention of Thy righteousness, even of Thine only."

Isa. xli. 2.—"Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust, and not be afraid: for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song: He also is become my salvation."

Ps. xvi. 8.—"I have set the Lord always before me: because He is at my right hand, I shall not be moved."

Ps. cxxxviii. 7.—"Though I walk in the midst of trouble, Thou wilt revive me: Thou shalt stretch forth Thine hand against the wrath of mine enemies, and Thy right hand shall save me."

Ps. xxvii. 1.—"The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?"

Ps. cviii. 13.—"Through God we shall do valiantly: for He it is that shall tread down our enemies."

Ps. xxxiii. 20, 21.—"Our soul waiteth for the Lord: He is our help and our shield. For our

heart shall rejoice in Him, because we have trusted in His holy name."

PRAISE AFTER VICTORY.

"Although our sky began to lower,
And nearer drew the battle hour,
Yet were we safe in Jesu's power,
For He was near to save.

We saw our bitter foes appear,
Yet still we felt no trembling fear;
The Lord of hosts, Himself, was near,
And He was strong to save.

Adore we, then, before His throne,
Let all the praise be His alone,
Who guarded, loved, and kept His own,
Omnipotent to save."

Ps. cxl. 7.—"O God the Lord, the strength of my salvation, Thou hast covered my head in the day of battle."

Ps. xxviii. 7.—"The Lord is my strength and my shield; my heart trusted in Him, and I am helped; therefore my heart greatly rejoiceth; and with my song will I praise Him."

Isa. xxv. 4.—"Thou hast been a strength to the poor, a strength to the needy in his distress, a refuge from the storm, a shadow from the heat, when the blast of the terrible ones is as a storm against the wall."

Ps. cxxiv. 7, 8.—"Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowlers; the snare

is broken, and we are escaped. Our help is in the name of the Lord, who made heaven and earth."

Ps. xxx. 1.—"I will extol Thee, O Lord; for Thou hast lifted me up, and not made my foes to rejoice over me."

1 *Cor.* xv. 57.—"Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

PRAYER AFTER DEFEAT.

"Lord, when our sky began to lower,
When near approached the battle hour,
Had we but trusted in Thy power,
Thou hadst been near to save!

But when we saw our foes appear,
Our faithless hearts sank down with fear,
Then we forgot that Thou wast near,
Near us to hear and save.

But now we kneel before Thy throne,
Our humble trust in Thee alone:
Forgive, and keep us still Thine own,
Thou who hast died to save."

Ps. xl. 12, 13.—"Innumerable evils have compassed me about: mine iniquities have taken hold upon me, so that I am not able to look up; they are more than the hairs of my head: therefore my heart faileth me. Be pleased, O Lord, to deliver me: O Lord, make *haste to help* me."

Ps. xxvii. 9, 11.—"Hide not thy face far from me; put not Thy servant away in anger: Thou hast been my help; leave me not, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation. Teach me Thy way, O Lord, and lead me in a plain path, because of mine enemies."

Ps. lxxxvi. 15, 16.—"Thou, O Lord, art a God full of compassion, and gracious, long-suffering, and plenteous in mercy and truth. O turn unto me, and have mercy upon me; give Thy strength unto Thy servant, and save the son of Thine handmaid."

Ps. lxi. 1, 2.—"Hear my cry, O God; attend unto my prayer. From the end of the earth will I cry unto Thee, when my heart is overwhelmed: lead me to the rock that is higher than I."

ENCOURAGEMENTS AFTER DEFEAT.

"'Tis true your sky began to lower,
Drew on the awful battle hour;
Yet, had ye trusted in My power,
I had been near to save.

But when ye saw your foes appear,
O faithless hearts, why did ye fear?
Ye knew that I am ever near,
And ever strong to save.

But kneeling now before My throne,
Repent, and trust in Me alone;
I chasten, yet forgive Mine own,
I still am near to save."

Ps. lxxxix. 31—33.—"If they break My statutes, and keep not My commandments; then will I visit their transgression with the rod, and their iniquity with stripes. Nevertheless My loving-kindness will I not utterly take from him, nor suffer My faithfulness to fail."

Ps. xxxvii. 23, 24.—"The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord: and He delighteth in his way. Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down: for the Lord upholdeth him with His hand."

RENEWED EXPRESSIONS OF CONFIDENCE IN GOD AFTER DEFEAT.

"Whene'er again our sky shall lower,
In every awful battle hour;
Then be our trust in Jesu's power,
For He is strong to save.

And when our bitter foes appear,
Be far from us each coward fear,
We know the Lord of hosts is near,
Near us to hear and save.

Lord, while we bow before Thy throne,
Give strength and pardon to Thine own,
We ask it for His sake alone,
Who died our souls to save."

Micah vii. 8, 9.—"Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy: when I fall, I shall arise; when I sit in darkness, the Lord shall be a *light unto* me. I will bear the indignation of

the Lord, because I have sinned against Him, until He plead my cause, and execute judgment for me: He will bring me forth to the light, and I shall behold His righteousness."

Micah vii. 18, 19.—"Who is a God like unto Thee, that pardoneth iniquity, and passeth by the transgression of the remnant of His heritage? He retaineth not His anger for ever, because He delighteth in mercy. He will turn again, He will have compassion upon us; He will subdue our iniquities; and Thou wilt cast all their sins into the depths of the sea."

APPENDIX II.

EDWARD STANLEY'S LIST OF THE MIRACLES OF OUR LORD, ARRANGED AS NEARLY AS POSSIBLE IN THE ORDER IN WHICH THEY WERE PERFORMED.

1. Water turned into wine. (*John* ii.)
2. Nobleman's son cured of fever. (*John* iv.)
3. First miraculous draught of fishes. (*Luke* v.)
4. Demoniac cured at Capernaum. (*Mark* i., *Luke* iv.)
5. Simon's wife's mother cured of fever. (*Matt.* viii., *Mark* i., *Luke* iv.)
6. A leper cleansed. (*Matt.* viii., *Mark* i., *Luke* v.)
7. Paralytic cured. (*Matt.* ix., *Mark* ii., *Luke* v.)
8. Impotent man cured. (*John* v.)
9. The withered hand restored. (*Matt.* xii., *Mark* iii., *Luke* vi.)

Bethsaida. (*Mark* viii.)
ured. (*Matt.* xvii., *Mark*

in the fish's mouth.

om his birth cured.

the spirit of infirmity
i.)

y healed. (*Luke* xiv.)
used. (*Luke* xvii.)
the dead. (*John* xi.)
and another blind man
x., *Mark* x., *Luke* xviii.)
e cursed. (*Matt.* xxi.,

healed. (*Luke* xxii.)
us draught of fishes.

Lord arranged according to

wed our Saviour's power

. 20, 21.

10. The centurion's servant healed. (*Matt.* viii. *Luke* vii.)

11. The widow of Nain's son raised from the dead. (*Luke* vii.)

12. A dumb and blind demoniac cured. (*Matt.* xii., *Mark* iii., *Luke* xi.)

13. The tempest calmed. (*Matt.* viii., *Mark* iv., *Luke* viii.)

14. Demoniac cured in the country of the Gadarenes. (*Matt.* viii., *Mark* v., *Luke* viii.)

15. The woman with an issue of blood cured. (*Matt.* ix., *Mark* v., *Luke* viii.)

16. Jairus' daughter raised from the dead. (*Matt.* ix., *Mark* v., *Luke* viii.)

17. Two blind men cured in the house. (*Matt.* ix.)

18. A dumb demoniac cured. (*Matt.* ix.)

19. Five thousand fed on five loaves and two fishes. (*Matt.* xiv., *Mark* vi., *Luke* ix., *John* vi.)

20. Jesus walks on the sea. (*Matt.* xiv., *Mark* vi., *John* vi.)

21. The tempest calmed. (*Matt.* xiv., *Mark* vi.)

22. The Syrophenician woman's daughter, a demoniac, cured. (*Matt.* xv., *Mark* vii.)

23. Deaf and dumb man cured. (*Mark* vii.)

24. *Four* thousand fed on seven loaves and a few fishes. (Matt. xv., Mark viii.)

25. Blind man cured at Bethsaida. (*Mark* viii.)
26. The lunatic child cured. (*Matt.* xvii., *Mark* ix., *Luke* ix.)
27. The tribute money in the fish's mouth. (*Matt.* xvii.)
28. The man blind from his birth cured. (*John* ix.)
29. The woman with the spirit of infirmity cured. (*Luke* xiii.)
30. The man with dropsy healed. (*Luke* xiv.)
31. The ten lepers cleansed. (*Luke* xvii.)
32. Lazarus raised from the dead. (*John* xi.)
33. Blind Bartimeus and another blind man healed. (*Matt.* xx., *Mark* x., *Luke* xviii.)
34. The barren fig-tree cursed. (*Matt.* xxi., *Mark* xi.)
35. The ear of Malchus healed. (*Luke* xxii.)
36. Second miraculous draught of fishes. (*John* xxi.)

The miracles of our Lord arranged according to the scheme, page 79.

Miracles which showed our Saviour's power over:—

I. Inanimate objects.
   1. Water, 1, 13, 20, 21.

2. Common articles of food, 19, 24.
3. The fig-tree, 34.

II. Irrational animals.
The fishes of the sea, 3, 27, 36.

III. Diseases and infirmities.
1. Fever, 2, 5.
2. Palsy, 7, 10.
3. Leprosy, 6, 31.
4. Dropsy, 30.
5. The withered hand, 9.
6. Lameness, 8.
7. Blindness, 12, 17, 25, 28, 33.
8. Deafness, 23, 26.
9. Dumbness, 12, 18, 23, 26.
10. The issue of blood, 15.
11. The wounded ear, 35.

IV. The devils, 4, 12, 14, 18, 22, 26, 29.

V. Death, 11, 16, 32.

Cures wrought with a word spoken at a distance, 2, 10, 22.

Cures wrought on the Sabbath-day, 4, 5, 8, 9, 28, 29, 30.

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